The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, APRIL 15, 1909.

The Week.

The action of the Assembly Judiciary Committee in reporting against the direct-primaries bill, makes it probable that the measure is killed for this session. Presumably, the managers of the machine in both houses will so manœuvre that the Legislature may appear to have given the proposal due consideration and then have voted it down. To smother the bill in committee, to burke it without even reporting it—this would afford the Governor only too good an excuse for calling an extra session. But no one need imagine that this apparent defeat has either surprised or disappointed the Governor. This is not the first time that the Legislature has balked at his plans and later accepted them. Indeed, every one of the important measures which he has urged has seemingly been beaten at the outset; this is the regular programme. But for the Governor, the fight has just begun. He has already spoken in Buffalo and Rochester with great effect. And if the present Legislature does not give us a direct-primaries law, the matter—it is practically certain—will be the dominant issue in the autumn campaign. What is necessary is that the question be fairly presented to the voters. The election last November was a complicated one, with the Presidential and Congressional candidates, as well as those for State offices, appealing for support. Next autumn, in the State at large, the candidates for Assembly can be singled out and effectively attacked unless they favor the direct primary. In many Assembly districts the issue can be made so clear and simple, by such a formidable campaigner as Gov. Hughes, that this setback can only be regarded as temporary.

Norman E. Mack's plan of a national monthly magazine devoted to the interests of the Democratic party has something in its favor. We understand that to be successful a magazine should have variety, snap, and sensation. No other subject is evidently as rich in these potentialities as the Democratic party. No other collection of men can be trusted to present a more varied series of views on any conceivable topic than a group of Democratic statesmen. The element of suspense may be provided by bringing a number of Democratic leaders together, and seeing how soon they will begin to knife each other. Interesting reading a national Democratic monthly would probably make, at least for a time. But whether it would at the same time advance the interests of the great Democratic party is more doubtful. Mr. Mack must not be carried away by the example of Editor Bryan and Editor La Follette. Bryan knows what he wants. La Follette knows what he wants. But the Democratic party does not know. A magazine standing for high tariff and free trade, public economy and paternalism, States' rights and Federal concentration, can scarcely hope to win a steady public.

W. H. Hunter, chief engineer of the Manchester Canal, and one of the experts called in on the Panama plans, gives little credence to the easy promise of a completed canal across the Isthmus in 1915. Reviewing in the Manchester *Guardian* a recent book on the Panama Canal, he points out the fallacy of assuming that the Culebra Cut yields an accurate measure of the time required to finish the canal. Because the cut will be excavated, at the present rate of progress, in less than six years, it has been argued that the crux of the engineering problem will have been surmounted. Not so, affirms Mr. Hunter. The great obstacle, and the chief consumer of time, is the flight of locks at Gatun. This engineer, like many another, has grave doubts about a safe foundation at that location, but waiving those, he says of the projected works that they are "of a sort never conceived of on this planet before":

> At Gatun the three-step twin locks (each lock is to have a usable length of 1,000 feet and a width of 110 feet) will require the completion of a complicated structure of concrete, granite masonry, and steel which will be nearly three-quarters of a mile in length, with a width of some 330 yards and a height, measured from the foundations of the lower lock to the coping of the upper, of from 55 to 60 yards! Of the time which may be required for the construction of preliminary works no living man can form even an approximate estimate, but such work must be completed before the actual building of the locks can even be begun. The locks at Gatun are to be paralleled by works of similar dimensions upon the Pacific side (except that the latter will be divided into two groups instead of being concentrated into one)—that is to say, that there are twelve locks of the dimensions already named to be built. Let these dimensions be realized, let due allowance be made for the difficulties relating to the supply and delivery of the enormous mass of materials, to the provision of the highly skilled labor required, and to the inevitable day-by-day obstructions and delays which must be encountered in the conduct of such works in such positions as these locks upon the isthmus, and it will be acknowledged that there is some reason in the suggestion that 1915 as the date for completion should be read even by the most sanguine as meaning 1919 or 1920.

This is not the cheery, dirt-flying optimism which we all like, but it sounds dangerously like the truth.

Filipinos are having old suspicions freshened by the open hostility a large section of American residents is showing toward public schools in the islands. Dr. David P. Barrows, the Director of Education, says in his latest report, that the government has checked the proper development of primary instruction by refusing funds. The appropriations, smaller this year than in 1908, will not even maintain all the schools already open. Filipino radicals, who would expel all American teachers at once, join in these obstructionist tactics; but the chief strength of the opposition derives from the white carpet-baggers who wish to keep the natives in ignorance while exploiting their labor. These Americans, says Dr. Barrows, are crying out that "the schools interfere with the availability of labor, train boys away from the fields, and expend large sums which would better be devoted to industrial and commercial development." The Manila *Times* has been campaigning stoutly for the reduction of school funds, on the ground that education should be "more practical." Such arguments, which Dr. Barrows hears on every hand in American quarters, bode ill for the men in the insular government who are sincerely working to restore the archipelago to its inhabitants.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fair answer has never been given to the question whether the American saloon can be redeemed. Prohibitionists say it cannot, until good becomes evil and evil good; intelligent liquor dealers are sure that what is possible in Germany must be here; but, in the absence of a thorough test, all is conjecture. Neither a model barroom nor a model brewer here and there proves anything. Only concerted action by the liquor interests of a whole State or a large city will ever do that; and such a move was never made, with more than the thinnest show of thorcughness, until the Ohio Brewers' Association secured the passage of the Dean law and joined the Cincinnati Anti-Saloon League and the Municipal Reform League to stamp out dives. It is too early to gauge the success of that effort; but if they work a year for strict observance as faithfully as they have begun, we shall at least know whether reputable liquor traffic is a contradiction in terms. To renew or to retain a license under the Dean law, a saloonkeeper must swear that he has not violated the statute; the dishonest man is thus exposed to a jail sentence for perjury, and to blackmail by lawless patrons.

Charter revision is astir in many parts of the country. In most cases where a new plan of city government has been worked out, it has been modelled after the commission form, originated at Galveston, and developed subsequently by Des Moines and other cities. The latest instrument embodying that idea is the charter which has been prepared for submission to the voters of Colorado Springs on May 11. It proposes to concentrate all municipal authority in a mayor and four councilmen, who will be the only elective officers, each acting as head of one of the five city departments. The mayor is to have the further duty of naming all appointive officers, or employees, subject to a civil service system. In order to eliminate party politics as far as possible, no party name or designation shall be allowed on the ballots. Upon petition of 30 per cent. of the voters, an election must be held for the recall of any elective officer, while the initiative and referendum are provided for upon petition of 15 per cent. of the voters. Bond issues and franchises must be submitted to popular vote.

President Jordan of Stanford University, in his annual report for the year ending July 31, just issued, comes back to his former recommendations:

> That the work of the present first and second years be regarded as preparatory to the university, and that the work of these years be designated collectively as the Junior College. . . .
>
> That as soon as the work of the Junior College is effectively carried on in California by other agencies, this work shall be no longer given at the university, the date of May, 1914, being taken as a possible date on which such change may take place.

He proposes, in short, that Stanford become a university in the strict sense of the term, to which no student shall be admitted who has not done nearly as much work as is now required for entrance to a German university. Such an experiment, as we have said before in discussing President Jordan's plan, would be both interesting and valuable in this country. Most of our university study—of the graduate and professional schools—has been an outgrowth of our college courses. At Harvard, Yale, Columbia, and Cornell, for example, the university departments are, so to speak, superimposed on the college, which is still maintained in full vigor. Johns Hopkins and Clark started as universities, but both have since established undergraduate departments, partly, perhaps, to serve as feeders. Neither Johns Hopkins nor Clark, we may add, can command the financial resources of Stanford. An institution of such enormous wealth, devoted to higher study, ought to exert a wide and profound influence on our educational system; it ought to find a rich field for its endeavor. And there are on the Pacific Coast a number of colleges well equipped for giving that undergraduate instruction which President Jordan would relegate to other institutions. From this distance no reason appears why Stanford should not, in a few years, take this important step.

The existence of the Clemenceau Cabinet is more seriously menaced by the latest revelations concerning naval mismanagement than by any number of impending labor insurrections. The French navy has made a deplorable record during the last few years. A number of war vessels, including one battleship and several cruisers, have been wrecked or damaged by explosion, by collision, and by being run aground. The laborers in the naval arsenals have been in a state of chronic mutiny. On board ship discipline has been reported as breaking down. The large number of accidents was attributed to the growing habit of opium-smoking among the officers. Not long ago the government forced the retirement of an admiral who openly declared that the fleet was in no condition to meet an enemy. The ships were said to be short of supplies and fittings. To complete the circle, a commission of inquiry is now bringing to light the most astounding instances of peculation on the part of naval contractors. Russia, the classic home of official thievery, must look to her laurels, if half what is told concerning the French navy be true. At a time, therefore, when the nations are going mad over naval defence, France seems to be finding out that she has scarcely a navy at all. Similar revelations regarding the disorganization of the French army in the winter of 1904 forced the resignation of Premier Combes just as he was about to crown his career by passing the Separation Law. The French army to-day is in good condition. That the navy should have been allowed to come to such an evil pass is a grave reflection on M. Clemenceau's administrative ability.

The scheme of reforms for India is still in the modelling stage. Probably the most important feature of Lord Morley's plan is the creation of Provincial Executive Councils to which natives are to be admitted. Now, since the Executive Council in India is really the ruling body, the step is a far-reaching one, it is still being debated, and its fate is uncertain. As for the Viceroy's Executive Council, Lord Morley only a short time ago was not prepared to go so far as to make one of its six members a native. That, however, is what he has recently done. The results of this action are bound to be far-reaching. In the first place, the appointment ought practically to solve the problem of the Provincial Councils. Once the Viceroy's Council has been thrown open, it would be absurd to keep the inferior councils closed. The new appointee is a distinguished Hindu lawyer, Mr. Sinha, who succeeds an Englishman as legal member. The London *Times* says that for the first time since the begin-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ning of British rule in India, "the supreme authority will shortly pass from exclusively British hands." It goes on to emphasize the gravity of the step:

> A member of the Viceroy's Executive Council is much more than a departmental chief. He is, in a truer sense than the ministers of most European states, a ruler of men, and he should have the intellect and the moral training of a ruler. The largest and the weightiest problems in all branches of government come before him, and the decisions which he and his colleagues reach not only affect the lives of the 300,000,000 inhabitants of India, but often exercise a powerful influence upon the policy and the fortunes of the empire. For him there are no State secrets and no confidential documents. He has a right to know and to debate the *imperii arcana*. The most delicate mysteries of diplomacy, the most carefully guarded of military precautions, are trusted to his faith and to his discretion.

In other words, were the Viceroy's Council confronted with the possible danger of another Sepoy rebellion, a native of India would be party to the British plans. The impartial judge must, however, conclude that, on the whole, the new arrangement will remove the cause for more rebellions than it will incite.

THE SENATE TARIFF.

The tariff bill which Mr. Aldrich reported to the Senate on Monday is, properly speaking, no tariff bill at all. It is the Payne bill scratched and scored, with a mixture of the Dingley bill mangled. Important schedules are left for later introduction. Like the deformed Richard, the Aldrich bill can say that it was

> sent before my time
> Into this breathing world, scarce half made up.

For the speed with which this patchwork was laid before the Senate, reasons are given in the report from the Finance Committee, or, rather, from its Republican members. The urgent need of passing a tariff bill at the earliest day possible, in order to end business uncertainty, is dwelt upon as justification for asking the Senate to take up and discuss an incomplete measure. This is sound enough, especially in view of the fact that the Senate may alter the bill out of its original semblance, and also that the final rates are to be written in conference between the two houses. Yet this plausible excuse that the king's business requireth haste, does not explain the whole procedure. It is plain that, in some of the contested parts of the tariff, the Republicans on the Finance Committee could not agree. Wood pulp, coal, hides, together with the entire provision respecting maximum and minimum duties, and the administrative sections, are "left open for further action." What lies behind that specious phrase, everybody knows: good trading material has been placed in the hands of the log-rollers. What will emerge, after they have got their work done, nobody can tell. Yet final judgment on the Senate bill must be deferred until we do see what comes out of the Senatorial melting-pot.

As the Aldrich bill stands, it has some features which are better than the corresponding ones in the Payne bill. The Senate rejects the 100 per cent. increases over the Dingley duties on gloves, and restores the rates as in the existing law. These themselves are too high, even considered as a tax on an imported luxury. Still, the Finance Committee has repelled this grab, and has also resisted the attempt to raise the taxes on hosiery; and for this, due credit must not be withheld. And if it is true, as Senator Aldrich asserts, that the rates in the Senate bill are "lower than in the bill as it passed the House," this fact will appear as the measure is analyzed, and the country will decide whether Republican pledges have been kept.

Meanwhile, we are bound to note certain disquieting symptoms. Senator Aldrich plumes himself on the fact that "the actual number of reductions" is "about three times the number of increases." But why any increases at all? The demand of the people, and the demand of President Taft, was for reductions. The President has declared that the increases should be "few, if any." But one-third is not a few. These increases are blandly explained by Senator Aldrich as in part due to the need of "preserving the symmetry of the schedules." The rueful taxpayer knows all about that symmetry. It is symmetrical greed, perfectly harmonious division of the plunder, on the principle that if you don't give me my share of the booty, by Heaven, I'll prevent you from getting yours. Furthermore, there is a suspicious change in the Senate bill from *ad valorem* to specific duties. This is especially the case in the cotton and silk schedules. Now, specific duties are the notorious lurking-places of tariff "jokers," and it will be necessary to submit these new specific duties to close and expert examination in order to discover just who are the manufacturers and campaign contributors that have been getting in their fine work.

We think, too, that the country will regard the taking of iron ore off the free list, where the House put it, as not only a backward step, but an ominous one. It gives color to the rumor that the Senate was all along determined to make short work of free hides, free coal, and free wood pulp. It is about those articles that the Senatorial "hog combine" was reported to be forming, and the restoration of iron ore to the dutiable list will cause fears for the worst in the other items, too. Making iron ore free was, as Congressman McCall pointed out, one of the significant and strategic features of the Payne bill. It meant a determination to withdraw a perfectly needless protection from the few great corporations which control practically all the iron-ore deposits in this country. By so much, it implied a purpose to tax wealth, not poverty, at least in the sense that wealth would not be aided by law to heap up its accumulations at the expense of the masses of the people. But this good impression of the Payne bill, Senator Aldrich and his colleagues have at once gone to work to destroy.

Tariff legislation has now entered upon its really critical stage. The next few weeks will show whether the Senate can be responsive to public sentiment, or whether selfish and powerful interests are so firmly entrenched in the upper chamber of Congress that no popular attack can dislodge them. We may be sure that President Taft will not be deceived by any glib assurances that the Aldrich bill is a sufficient fulfilment of party promises, or a measure that will actually relieve the consumer. He will look closely to the facts. If they convince him that the tariff bill, in its final form, is playing fast and loose with the country, he will not hesitate to say so; and if a treacherous measure is in the end offered for his signature, it will, we are confident, get instead a veto.

THE DEMOCRATIC BREAK-UP.

Republican tariff-thieves are rejoicing that many Democrats are becoming as one of them. That is the real moral significance of all the talk about South-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ern Democrats having been at last converted from the error of their free-trade ways. Their showing in the House has, in truth, already been bad. It will probably be even worse in the Senate, as opportunity offers. Over thirty Southern Democrats voted in the House last week against the amendment to make lumber free. One of them was the chairman of the last Democratic National Convention, which said in its platform:

> We demand the immediate repeal of the tariff on wood-pulp, print-paper, *lumber*, timber, and logs, and that these articles be placed upon the *free list*.

Political recreancy could not well be more unblushing. Looking at it, first, from the point of view of party, we can now see plainly how vain it would have been, in the last Presidential campaign, for tariff-reformers to pin their hopes to the election of Mr. Bryan. Himself never really a soldier in the war against protection, he had come to have a party following so drugged and debauched by protective and other socialistic arguments, that it could not be depended upon to attack resolutely even the most flagrant iniquities of the high tariff. Two Democratic Representatives were talking last week about the great defection on the tariff within their own party. One of them said that, on that issue, they had lost the Democratic whip, as well as the chairman of their National Convention and a Democratic member of the Ways and Means Committee. "Yes," chimed in his colleague, "and let us thank God the Democratic Presidential candidate was not also in the House, or he might have voted for a duty on oil." Of course, there have always been some Democrats who called themselves, openly or secretly, protectionists. Mr. Randall headed a group which, before Cleveland's day, prevented any revision of the tariff. But after the party has in four Presidential campaigns hoisted the banner of a tariff for revenue only, has once carried the country on that issue, and finally forced the Republicans to take it up, it becomes an act of peculiar turpitude for a Representative to say: "I am a Democrat to the core, but I am a protectionist." When you penetrate to that "core," you find a strong desire for a portion of the tariff swag. And the proportion of Democrats that now confess themselves to be actuated by that desire is large enough to rob their party both of its prestige and its power.

The explanation, to be sure, lies at hand. Poor human nature being what it is, the motive for going in for a part of the tariff plunder is obvious. It has been bluntly put by Senator Tillman. "Your whole system," he said to the Republican Senators, "is one of stealing; but so long as the stealing is going on, we of the South propose to have our share of the booty." Nor would we too severely blame the Representatives themselves. Behind them stands the mass of their constituents, with itching palms. The fatal lesson has been drilled into them that every citizen is entitled to finger coin from the national Treasury; that the only way to get on in business is to obtain a Federal grant in aid; and that the way to make a fortune is to secure the right to tax your fellows, so that their property may be, under the color of law, transferred to you. With these ideas both preached and practised for more than a generation, and with the "new South" reproached so long for standing for a principle, instead of rushing to fill its pockets out of the public funds, it is not a political miracle that we see Democratic Representatives from the South unable to withstand the pressure of selfishness and greed in their districts. While we must lament this, we cannot deny that it is wholly intelligible.

What we cannot easily understand, however, is the jubilation of high-tariff Republicans over Democratic accessions to their band. It is much like the ill-timed rejoicing at England's lurch away from free trade, or the raising of protective barriers in France and Germany. Considered from the narrowest self-interest of protection, this is a mistake. Success in that game can be won only when large numbers are "frozen out." Protection made universal, ceases to protect. There must always be some nation, or some class in a nation, unprotected, and hence open to exploitation, otherwise protection, on its own theory, is a dead failure. Therefore, to have Democrats insisting upon breaking into the grand system of log-rolling and corrupt bargaining which goes to the making of a protective tariff, is really an embarrassment to the high-tariff experts and beneficiaries. It makes their task both more difficult in execution and more dubious in effect. If tariff favors are too widely distributed, with too even a hand, they cease by so much to be favors. And if we pass from protectionist tactics to public morals, what does all this mirth of the high-tariff Republicans over Democratic betrayals amount to? Why, merely to saying: "Others have become as bad as we are. They do not believe any longer in a fair field and no favor. To our doctrine of grab and push and squeeze and filch, they have come over. They will strengthen the forces of selfishness and of Socialism. They will fasten so many more blood-suckers upon the Treasury. They will sow envy and hate. They will be recruits to the army of political corruption. Therefore, let us thank God and take courage!"

ANGLO-GERMAN DIPLOMACY.

If statesmanship in Germany and England has not gone sterile, and diplomacy become imbecile, some way of making and keeping the peace between those two countries will speedily be found. The present situation of either, as pictured by its own public men, is growing rapidly to be intolerable; while their relations, as expressed in the alarms and jealousies and recriminations over the desperate competition in naval armaments, are daily becoming more bitter and tense. If ever there was a chance for large statesmanship, it is offered to-day on both sides of the North Sea.

Consider the plight of both nations, as they themselves confess it. It is, primarily, a contest between them of exhaustion. Each is studying the other to see which will first bleed to death. By heightened and oppressive taxation, each is opening its veins; and the financial doctors are standing by to determine which one will first fall fainting to the ground. Mr. Chiozza Money, the English statistical expert, has been taking stock of British wealth that can be flung into the ship-building game, and gravely assures his countrymen that, if they stand ready to surrender their last penny, they can hold out in the wasteful competition a year or two longer than Germany. Misery confronts the people of both countries, if the path they are now treading is followed to the end, but both are seemingly prepared so to pursue it. If Bishop Butler were alive, he would find in this Anglo-German madness fresh prompting and point to his speculation whether it were possible for a whole nation to go crazy.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

As if to add to the impression of lunacy, the very naval experts in the two countries, who have precipitated the trouble, are now confessing that they are not sure even of their own ground. They are straining every nerve to carry out a policy which they have to admit may be entirely mistaken. The British Admiralty has placed all its faith in Dreadnoughts, yet is not sure even of them. That the new monsters have practically made England's preceding splendid fleet of battleships and cruisers unavailable for the line of battle, was reluctantly conceded by the First Lord of the Admiralty in the House of Commons the other day. But when pressed for reasons why the government did not, then, order at once eight of the indispensable Dreadnoughts, instead of four, he replied that he was not certain that the best type had yet been found. Thus, as the Dreadnoughts had made the pre-Dreadnoughts antiquated, the post-Dreadnoughts may send the Dreadnoughts to the scrap-heap. Moreover, the development of the warship of the air may soon make the battleships of the sea a vain thing for safety. Pending that event, we have now the report that naval expert opinion, in both Germany and England, is veering to the conviction that future naval battles will be decided, after all, not by Dreadnoughts, but by torpedo-boats! Thus it seems that, for all the taxpayers know, their money is being wrung from them only to be as truly wasted as if it were cast into the sea.

There was a vast amount of bristling military talk when the House of Commons debated, on March 29, the vote of censure on the government, but the most sensible thing said came in a question addressed to the Prime Minister. A member, W. P. Byles, asked Mr. Asquith whether the time were not auspicious for discussing with Germany "the mutual reduction of armaments"; and whether the existing strain did not present "a suitable opportunity for renewing in more definite form the British proposals for an Anglo-German understanding concerning the extent and cost of the naval programmes of the two countries." The Prime Minister replied that the government was "prepared either to make or to receive" such proposals, but did not wish to urge them "where they are not likely to be welcome." But the questioner persisted: Would not the Prime Minister "watch out for an opportunity?" "Yes," said Mr. Asquith. "We have been watching for it a long time."

There we have the open door to a good understanding. If diplomacy did not exist, it would have to be invented to avail itself of this great chance. Neither the German government nor the English can justify itself to its own subjects, to say nothing of the deliberate judgment of mankind, if it neglects so plain an opportunity to compose an insensate quarrel. Sir Edward Grey, the Foreign Secretary, spoke in the House with great restraint and fairness. He warned the extremists on either side. If England, on the one hand, attempted to isolate Germany, or if Germany, on the other, sought to "dominate and dictate the policy of the Continent," a conflict would be almost inevitable. But between these two violent extremes, which he believed that the sober people of either land would not countenance, Sir Edward Grey asserted that "there is a wide space in which the two nations can walk together in a perfectly friendly way." This sentiment found a speedy echo in Germany. Noteworthy is the fact that the Social-Democrats in the Reichstag have sent greetings to the Labor members of Parliament. This is significant of the way in which the struggling masses in either country resent the steps by which militarism is crushing out social reform, and binding burdens grievous to be borne upon the backs of the workingmen. It is for enlightened statesmanship to give heed. The troublous conditions fairly clamor for those "four men around a table" who, Lord Salisbury used to say, could settle any international question if they were given a free hand. Public-spirited citizens in both these educated and civilized nations cannot stand by consenting when the policy of suspicion and hatred is leading straight to financial ruin, if not to a wicked and terrible war. We believe that both German and English diplomacy is ready to make an effort for agreement. All it needs is a little *vis a tergo*. It is for public opinion to push on conciliatory statesmanship to the needed activity.

CONVERSATION.

Is conversation, like letter-writing, rapidly becoming one of the lost arts? Complaints to that effect are heard even in the classic land of conversation—France. If we may believe Abel Bonnard, the tribe of those in Parisian society who deliver a monologue, evidently prepared, and call it conversation, is mightily increased; while the number of really good *causeurs*, able to take the chance word or the accidental subject and play upon it, and make it flutter, butterfly-like, from chair to chair at dinner or in salon, is not what it was when Matthew Arnold wrote in praise of the intellectual quality of French social pleasures. In England, it is said that many think it good form to refuse to converse at all. With us, a similar rule has been creeping in—a rule partly of mercy to the listener to fashionable small talk, partly of necessity, founded in the mental limitations of the talker—and hired "entertainers" more and more relieve the social tedium. We believe that H. G. Wells reported only one place in America where he found that conversation had been kept alive, and that was at the Round Table in the Congressional Library at Washington.

These views, however, we think too pessimistic. The decay of conversation cannot be made out by confining our study of the subject to those who do not converse. Nor are those monopolizing tyrants of the social scene who lecture all comers, and will allow no dog to bark in their presence, the best authorities on the decline of wit and the waning of repartee. According to Buckle, the conversation of Charles Darwin was very far below the level of his books. But Darwin's own account of the interview was that Buckle talked so incessantly that he himself was not able to utter a word. Yet there have been usurping conversers, or haranguers, who would have taken Darwin's mute listening, on that occasion, as a signal display of a high gift for conversation. One who gives attentive ear to your prolonged brilliance can hardly be without talent.

If intellectual conversation is, indeed, disappearing from the world, it is certain that we cannot stay its flight by taking thought. Since it is by nature spontaneous and impromptu, any painful going about to make a set labor of it, or a discipline, or to study up in advance for an encounter of congenial spirits, must be fatal. The form may be kept alive by such means, but the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

spirit is murdered. Nothing can be more deadly than to meet a conversationalist freshly primed, and craftily seeking an opening to discharge his carefully loaded weapon. Dr. Holmes's social ornament who was fluent and surprising on all subjects, down to the letter M, but an ignoramus from there to Z, illustrates the perils of talking not only like an encyclopædia, but straight out of an encyclopædia. M. Bonnard writes in the *Figaro* of an experience of his own. At a certain breakfast which he attended, one of the guests fairly emitted radiance. Throughout the entire meal he kept up his exhibition of knowledge and command of epigram, until finally some one asked him in sheer wonder how he managed to sustain his *verve* so brilliantly. "Oh, well," was the horrible confession, "when I know that I am to spend an hour in witty company, I prepare myself before coming." This, truly, was to carry secret weapons to a meeting where the honest gentleman goes unarmed.

The chief rule of conversation is that it must have no rules. There can be nothing cut-and-dried about it. People meeting by chance, or by appointment, do not solemnly say to each other: "Go to, let us converse," just as they might say: "Let us have a game of bridge." The fine flower of conversation is that it is a continual surprise, a perpetual voyage of discovery, even to those taking part in it. They cannot tell where the give-and-take will carry them. They only know that, once embarked, the wind will blow them where it listeth. It is theirs to yield themselves, not to struggle. If they visibly resent and resist the course which improvised conversation is taking, they at once break the magic spell, and might as well be in a class or listening to a sermon.

Yet even the unlimited charter of conversation contains one restriction. The work must be one of collaboration. The really "great conversers" are not the men who dominate the table or the drawing-room with a flow of eloquence that brooks no interruption, but those who have the art and the grace to contribute something of their own while drawing out the best that others have. Macaulay must have been overpowering and dazzling at times, but we should prefer being oftenest in the company of men like Hallam, with his mouth "filled with cabbage and contradiction." In this idea of coöperation in conversation, there is, also, comfort for the stupid man. The presence of even a dunce among *gens d'esprit* sometimes gives to the latter, according to M. Bonnard, a new sense of mutual understanding and complicity, so that they gladly pour out their riches more fully than usual before their stolid companion. This thought should give the most despondent fresh hope. If conversation depends upon a supply of dull people, it must and shall be preserved.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

The passing of Swinburne last Saturday morning will be to many like the closing of the door to another of the chambers of romance. And this may be said in an almost literal sense. For years, the Pines at Putney Hill, where Swinburne and Mr. Watts-Dunton have lived together, has been the goal of longing for the more romantic of England's younger poets. The life of the two men was passed latterly in a kind of fraternal retirement, not even much broken, we believe, by the recent marriage of Mr. Watts-Dunton; but their home was the refuge of a great tradition, and their example an inspiration to those who regretted the on-creeping of the grayer reign of prose. Not only was the house stored with the pictures and other tangible relics of Rossetti and those others who maintained the protest of a rebellious imagination through the mid-Victorian days, but something of the very mental atmosphere and authority had been carried from the famous house in Cheyne Walk, where they had waited upon Rossetti, to their freer dwelling on Putney Hill.

Swinburne was born in social circumstances which permitted him to follow from the first his natural bent. His family connections were aristocratic. His mother was a daughter of the Earl of Ashburnham, his father, Charles Henry Swinburne, was an admiral in the Britsh navy, his grandfather a rich north country baronet. He was born in London on the fifth of April, 1837, and in due course, he was sent to Eton, where he speedily acquired a reputation as an eager but capricious student. He was then, as all through his life, fond of acquatic sports, and became a famous swimmer. But of his boyish days not much is known. From Eton he went to Oxford, entering as a commoner at Balliol in 1856, and before long he became a prominent figure in the Union, where he made the friendship of Morris, Burne-Jones, and Rossetti. In later days a magazine writer, referring to his appearance at that time, said:

> I shall never forget my first meeting with Algernon C. Swinburne, the poet, now famous, then unknown. It was in the rooms of the Oxford Union Society, and I still have before my mind's eye the vision of a slight youth, whose whole appearance indicated individuality. His locks were of the tint so dear to the pre-Raphaelites, and there was a superfluity of them on his head, with a few struggling hairs on his delicate chin. His complexion was white as a statuette, his throat slender as a girl's, his features refined, his upper lip proud as that of a Scottish chieftain. He is, in fact, Scotch in type of physiognomy, as also in the supple clean limbs, so different from those of wiry, robust Matthew Arnold, or stalwart William Morris. It was impossible to remove one's gaze from a being so unlike the average men of intellectual humanity.

But he reaped no laurels in his university career, although he was known as a classical scholar of considerable attainments. Without taking a degree, he left college and made a Continental tour, in the course of which he encountered Walter Savage Landor. The similarity of their tastes led to an intimacy which was not without influence on the younger man. Upon his return to England, he went to live in Chelsea for a while, sharing a home with Rossetti and George Meredith. Already he had ventured into print with three articles and a poem, published in "Undergraduate Papers," in 1858. In 1860, he made his first pretentious publication in two plays, "The Queen Mother" and "Rosamond," which did not attract much attention. Five years later came his "Atalanta in Calydon," which at once gave him a place in literary London. Everywhere it was recognized as a masterpiece of its kind, wonderfully rich in its imagery and in the melody and power of its diction. Some of the critics found fault with the tricks of alliteration and a certain wild exuberance of language—flaws which were to become more serious faults in his maturer works—but all admitted the brilliancy and sheer poetic beauty of the achievement. "Atalanta" was followed speedily by "Chastelard," the first of many compositions in which Mary, Queen of Scots, was to figure. Then followed the first series of "Poems and Ballads" (under the title "Laus Veneris") in which Swinburne broke the bonds of all restraint, giving vent to morbid suggestions and exposing himself thereby to a series of fierce denunciations.

In 1867 he published his "Song of Italy," with its new note of radicalism, which in some of his poems was to swell into a tumult of vituperation, and which, with the improprieties of his "Poems and Ballads," prevented him from being a possible candidate for the Laureateship after the death of Tennyson. From this date he sent out a rapid succession of dramas and lyrical and narrative poems: "Sienna" (1868), "Songs before Sunrise" (1871), "Bothwell" (1874), "Songs of Two Nations" (1875),

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Erechtheus" (1876), "Poems and Ballads, Second Series" (1878), "The Modern Heptalogia" (1880), "Songs of the Springtides" (1880), "Studies in Song" (1880), "Mary Stuart" (1881), "Tristram of Lyonesse and Other Poems" (1882), "A Century of Roundels" (1883), "A Midsummer Holiday and Other Poems" (1884), "Marino Faliero" (1885), "Locrine" (1887), "Poems and Ballads, Third Series" (1889), "Sisters" (1892), "Astrophel and Other Poems" (1894), "A Tale of Balen" (1896), "Rosamund" (1899), "The Duke of Gandia" (1908). All these, with the exception of the last named, have been republished by Harper & Bros. in a uniform edition of eleven volumes, with a dedicatory epistle to Mr. Watts-Dunton.

His prose has not yet been added to the uniform edition of his works, and in part has never appeared in book form. It runs parallel with his verse, and, indeed, began in 1866 with a retort upon his critics under the title of "Notes on Poems and Reviews." There followed: "William Blake, a Critical Essay" (1867), "Under the Microscope" (1872), "George Chapman" (1875), "A Note on Charlotte Brontë" (1877), "A Study of Shakespeare" (1880), "Miscellanies" (1886), "A Study of Victor Hugo" (1886), "Study of Ben Jonson" (1889), "Studies in Prose and Poetry" (1894), "Love's Cross Currents" (1905; a novel written much earlier), "Age of Shakespeare" (1908).

Swinburne, like his living friend, was thus both poet and critic, but if the influence of the two is analyzed it will be found that his power has been primarily in the way of direct example, whereas the hold of Mr. Watts-Dunton on the younger generation is more that of the maker of critical phrases. To the latter, for instance, we owe the formula, which by the poetical protestants of to-day is proclaimed as a summing up of the movement started by Coleridge and Wordsworth and as the watchword for the romantic rebellion of to-morrow—the Renascence of Wonder. It is indeed one of the intuitions that come only to the critic of genius; its full meaning can be appreciated by those alone who know how systematically the critics of the early eighteenth century suppressed the sense of wonder—mystery, or enthusiasm, they called it—which stirs us in such writers as Sir Thomas Browne, and how deliberately Coleridge attempted to restore that emotion. Whether the preaching of that gospel in the particular form given to it by the *par nobile* of Putney Hill is altogether suitable to the time, whether there is not a strain of falsetto running through their fury, is another question. At least the tactless indiscretion of some of their disciples, such as James Douglas, the biographer of Mr. Watts-Dunton, is of a kind to make us doubt.

The part of Swinburne in this battle of the romantics might be characterized, not invidiously, as the renascence of sound. When he first took the public with his "Atalanta in Calydon," discerning readers knew that here was a music, a riot of rhythmical sound, which for almost two centuries had not been heard in England. It might be described as a renascence of the harmonies of Milton's and Sir Thomas Browne's prose, moving now to the measured step of verse. Tennyson had perhaps pointed the way, but he had not found the exultant swing and the impetuous disdain that liberated the lines of the younger poet. And if any doubted of the new music, they must have been persuaded when the next year came the "Poems and Ballads,"

When, with flame all around him aspirant,
  Stood flushed, as a harp-player stands,
The implacable, beautiful tyrant,
  Rose-crowned, having death in his hands;
And a sound as the sound of loud water
  Smote far through the flight of the fires,
And mixed with the lightning of slaughter
  A thunder of lyres.

That stanza of "Dolores" might almost be taken as a portrait of the young poet himself, with his lyre of thunder, his new melodies as of the beating of loud water, and, to many it might seem, with his shameless taste for death and the sting of morbid desires.

So with his prose. It is probable that those who admire his critical essays do so chiefly on account of the rolling cadences of his language. He was not a man of ideas, nor was his taste ever certain; all things to him were "incomparable," incomparably good or incomparably bad, with no middle ground whatever. Readers who look primarily for thought and judgment are for the most part strongly repelled by Swinburne's rhapsodical manner; they may even be bold enough to whisper that all this is sound and fury, signifying nothing. But under the right inspiration, he could at times set a critical emotion, if not a critical idea, to a singing melody of words as magnificent as it was inimitable. Passages of his volume on Blake read like the stumbling prophetic books of the seer translated into a rhythmical ecstasy:

At the entrance of the labyrinth we are met by huge mythologic figures, created of fire and cloud. Titans of monstrous form and yet more monstrous name obstruct the ways; sickness or sleep never formed such savage abstractions, such fierce vanities of vision as these: office and speech they seem at first to have none: but to strike or clutch at the void of air with feeble fingers, to babble with vast lax lips a dialect barren of all but noise, loud and loose as the wind.

It would not be easy to express more resonantly the emotion aroused by a first introduction to the mythical figures of Blake, and to his "amazing capacity for such illimitable emptiness of mock-mystical babble."

The literary sources of Swinburne's mastery of sound are not altogether easy to trace. Evidently it is in part a revival of the large rhythms and polyphonous words of seventeenth-century English prose; a true renascence, indeed. But it owed much also to foreign models. The melody of Victor Hugo he thought more sublimely beautiful than any music heard since the morning stars sang together; and he evidently sought to catch some echo of these harmonies in English. For Spanish we do not know that he had any special predilection, yet to our ear his rhythms have more affinity to the sweeping majesty of that language than to his beloved French or to any other modern tongue. In the lyrics of Espronceda's "El Diablo Mundo," in the grave lilt of the opening words, "Boguemos, Boguemos," we have something that suggests very strongly the manner of the later English poet.

But withal the sheer delight in prolonged, reverberant sound was in the man himself. There are stories abroad that show him on a day of storm pacing swiftly back and forth in a room, mouthing out poetry to the rhythm of the wind, and raising his voice to a defiant shout at the rattle of the thunder. It was his very temper. If a cab-man asked him for more pay, the fellow might be deluged with choruses from the Greek tragedians till he drove away as from a maniac. Above all, he loved the ocean, not so much, apparently, for its radiant and variable beauty, but, like De Quincey, for its lisping and clamorous voices and for its responsiveness to the free-blowing winds. He loved its rhythmical motion also, and his verse is never more successful than when inspired by the joy of the swimmer buffeting the waves of the deep sea. He revelled in its salt, estranging charms with a pagan, sensuous delight:

I will go back to the great sweet mother,
  Mother and lover of men, the sea.
I will go down to her, I and none other,
  Close with her, kiss her, and mix her with me.
Cling to her, strive with her, hold her fast:
O fair white mother, in days long past
Born without sister, born without brother,
  Set free my soul as thy soul is free.

O fair green-girdled mother of mine,
  Sea, that art clothed with the sun and the rain,
Thy sweet hard kisses are strong like wine,
  Thy large embraces are keen like pain.
Save me and hide me with all thy waves,
Find me one grave of thy thousand graves,
Those pure cold populous graves of thine
  Wrought without hand in a world without stain.

Other poets may have accomplished greater things during the lifetime of Swinburne, there may be something to censure in his methods and themes, but he cannot be deprived of the honor of being the greatest master of musical words in the nineteenth century.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FRANCIS MARION CRAWFORD.

Francis Marion Crawford, the novelist, died at Sorrento, Italy, April 9, after a long illness. He was born in Italy in 1854, the son of Thomas Crawford, in his day a well-known American sculptor, and Louisa Cutler Ward, a sister of Julia Ward Howe. At an early age he showed an aptitude for language and became familiar with French, German, and Italian. When he was twelve he came to this country and began his more formal education at St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H. Three years later he was back again in Italy. By that time he had developed a taste for mathematics, a taste which ultimately led him to Cambridge University, England. There he is said to have paid more attention to athletics than to study. Without finishing his course at Cambridge, he went to Karlsruhe and Heidelberg, and finally to Italy, where he became much interested in Sanscrit. The pursuit of Sanscrit took him to India, where for more than a year he edited the Allahabad *Indian Herald*. By 1880 he was in Italy again, hanging on the outskirts of journalism. Then family affairs drew him to this country, where he found his final vocation.

Here he was dividing his time between Boston and New York, with incidental study of Sanscrit at Harvard. At a dinner in New York with his uncle, "Sam" Ward, he told the story of a man named Jacobs, who, as agent for an English syndicate, sold what was then supposed to be the biggest diamond in the world to the Nizam of Hyderabad for $240,000. The English government protested, on the ground that a petty ruler should not squander so much money. Mr. Ward thought the tale a good one, and advised Crawford to make a novel out of it, though the young man had always declared he had no constructive imagination. The result of the attempt was the highly successful story, "Mr. Isaacs," published in 1882. He followed it up the next year with "Dr. Claudius," and then Thomas Bailey Aldrich got him to write "A Roman Singer" for the *Atlantic Monthly*. After that he generally composed at least one novel a year, and sometimes two or three in the course of the twelvemonth. Doubtless, he wrote too rapidly, for at the time of his death he seemed to have passed the summit of his literary career. His later books were not so successful as the earlier. The great popularity which his novels long enjoyed was deserved, in the sense that he was an excellent story-teller, and the world will be served with story-telling. No one in his generation excelled him for mastery of movement and sustained interest in his narratives. Then, too, he had travelled widely, and he showed an exceptional faculty for the effective use of local color. It was in picturing Italy, however, that he chiefly excelled, as in the Saracinesca stories. His characters were not always free from convention, but in the main they were human and likeable, showing his power of keen if not penetrating observation. For literary workmanship, or for profound thought, he was never distinguished; but such qualities were not demanded in a writer so facile, so alert, so interesting. His chief works are: "To Leeward" (1884), "An American Politician" (1884), "Zoroaster" (1885), "A Tale of a Lonely Parish" (1886), "Marzio's Crucifix" (1887), "Paul Patoff" (1887), "Saracinesca" (1887), "With the Immortals" (1888), "Greifenstein" (1889), "Sant' Ilario" (1889), "A Cigarette Maker's Romance" (1890), "Khaled" (1891), "The Witch of Prague" (1891), "The Three Fates" (1892), "The Children of the King" (1892), "Don Orsino" (1892), "Marion Darche" (1893), "Pietro Ghisleri" (1893), "The Novel—What It Is" (1893), "Katherine Lauderdale" (1894), "Love in Idleness" (1894), "The Ralstons" (1894), "Constantinople" (1895), "Casa Braccio" (1895), "Adam Johnstone's Son" (1895), "Taquisara" (1896), "A Rose of Yesterday" (1897), "Corleone" (1897), "Ave Roma Immortalis" (1898), "Via Crucis" (1899), "In the Palace of the King" (1900), "The Rulers of the South" (1900), "Marietta, a Maid of Venice" (1901), "Cecilia, a Story of Modern Rome" (1902), "The Heart of Rome" (1903), "Whosoever Shall Offend" (1904), "Soprano, a Portrait" (1905), "Venetian Gleanings" (1905), "A Lady of Rome" (1906), "Arethusa" (1907), "The Little City of Hope" (1907), and "Francesca da Rimini," a play (1902).

Several of these volumes, it will be noted, are historical or descriptive. His writings on Rome, Venice, and Sicily, though not the work of a trained historian, were from the hand of a competent craftsman, who always saw the romantic and fascinating side of his subject. At the time of his death he was engaged on a "History of Rome in the Middle Ages," which was to extend through several volumes.

NEWS FOR BIBLIOPHILES.

The remarkable catalogue of the library of the late E. Dwight Church, upon which George Watson Cole has been working for seven years, is nearing completion. The first portion, Vols. I to V, describing the collection of Americana (unequalled in private hands) was published in 1907. The second portion, describing other books collected by Mr. Church, mainly English literature, will form two additional volumes, the first of which has just been issued, and the second of which is in the press. Bibliographically and typographically, the catalogue is as notable as the collection which it describes. Collations are full and exact, and the title-pages of more than three hundred important volumes have been reproduced in fac-simile. In the notes, variations in different issues are pointed out, and references are made to the most important bibliographies and sources of information; and of many important books, other copies are noted in public or private libraries. The issue consists of 150 copies on Dutch hand-made paper, printed at the University Press.

The Americana were arranged chronologically; this second portion is arranged alphabetically by authors, with a few subject headings. For example, in this first volume, which extends to Kempis, the books on angling, and those illustrated by Bewick and Cruikshank, are grouped in classes. Among the older English authors Mr. Church's strongest interest lay in his collections of Shakespeare and Spenser. The Shakespeare collection is certainly the finest in America, and is surpassed by only four others in England—those of the British Museum, of the Bodleian, of Trinity College, Cambridge, and of the Duke of Devonshire. The Shakespeare folios show more variations in title-pages than were ever before brought together in a single library. Mr. Church, it will be remembered, purchased the famous "Rowfant" library entire, in order to secure Mr. Locker-Lampson's Shakespeare quartos. The Shakespeare collection will be described in the second volume of the English portion, and a more particular note about it will be given later. The books on angling 87 lots, include one of the finest sets of the rare first five editions of Walton's "Complete Angler" ever brought together. The first edition (1653) in the original sheep, is superior in Mr. Church's opinion to the Rowfant copy in similar condition, which brought £1,290 when offered in the Van Antwerp sale in March, 1907. The series of books illustrated by Thomas Bewick comprises 62 lots; the Cruikshank collection, 66 lots. Among the rarer early English books described in this first volume are Bacon's "Essays" (1597), first edition, the only copy in this country; the second edition (1598), of which Richard Hoe and W. A. White possess copies; Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" (1678), first edition, with a unique impression of the frontispiece not found in any other of the six or seven known copies; the equally rare third edition (1679), fourth edition (1680), fifth edition (also 1680), sixth edition (1681), eighth edition (1682), ninth edition (1683); the first edition (1684) and the third edition (1690) of the genuine Second Part, and two editions (1683-84) of the spurious Second Part. The collection of editions of Butler's "Hudibras," formed by the late C. B. Foote, is one of the most extensive ever brought together. The Kilmarnock Burns (1784), first editions of "Robinson Crusoe" (1719); Fielding's "Tom Jones" (1749), in the original boards, uncut; and Gray's "Elegy" (1751) are other notable books. The series of first editions of Dickens is very extensive, and includes most of the rarities. Very few books in foreign languages are described, the most important being the first (1605), second (1605), and third (1608) Madrid editions of "Don Quixote," and the first edition (1615) of Part II of the same book. Mr. Church owned a number of fine vellum manuscripts, and these are described accurately with lists of miniatures, and with beautiful repro-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ductions of some of the most interesting pages.

On April 19 and 20 the Anderson Auction Co. of this city will sell Part VI of the library of an "Old New York Collector." This portion includes a long series of first editions of the works of John Addington Symonds and publications of the Grolier Club. On April 21 and 22, the same firm will offer the library of I. H. McCortney of Chicago. Among the titles of interest are some scarce pamphlets relating to the American Revolution; a nearly complete set of the publications of the Grolier Club, including the "Decree of Star Chamber Concerning Printing" and the "Rubaiyat," the first and second of the club's publications and the scarcest.

At the sale of Part V of the Henry W. Poor library by the Anderson Auction Co. on April 5, 6, and 7, some of the volumes of the Valentine Blacque collection brought high prices. The little manuscript by Nicholas Jarry, in a mosaic binding by Trautz-Bauzonnet, was bid up to $3,350; and "Les Amours pastorales de Daphnis et Chloé," in mosaic binding by one of the Monniers, executed in the latter years of the eighteenth century, $950. The first editions of Edward FitzGerald sold low: "Euphranor" (1851), binding in full levant by Zaehnsdorf, only $5; the second edition (1855), said to be rarer than the first, $10.50; "Salámán and Absál" (1857), $30; and "Agamemnon" (1876), $16.50. Other records were: Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield" (1766), binding by Riviere, $450; "The Deserted Village" (1770), $140; Rossetti's "Sister Helen" (1857), $37.50; Ruskin's "Poems" (1850), $125, a very low price; Shelley's "St. Irvyne" (1811), $141; "Queen Mab" (1813), in the original boards, uncut, $5.95, and "The Cenci" (1819), $160; Swinburne's "The Queen-Mother" (1860), with the Pickering title-page, $125; a complete set of the publications of the Hakluyt Society, 152 vols., $742.50; the collection of books on the Rose, 127 vols., uniformly bound, $330; and the collection of autographs of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, lacking four only of being a complete set, $950.

Correspondence.

CHAPMAN AND THE CLASSICS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The idea that the first, if not the whole, duty of an author is to be original at all costs is distinctly modern. The very word "plagiarism" was unknown to the Elizabethans. It appears for the first time, according to the "New English Dictionary" in Bishop Montague's "Diatribæ," published in 1621, but composed before 1619. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the great writers of the Elizabethan age helped themselves to other men's stories, thoughts, figures, even words and phrases, with a freedom appalling to our perhaps overscrupulous age. Not only did they see nothing wrong in such borrowings, they even held them, when cleverly effected, to be a virtue. One of the essential requisites of a poet, writes Ben Jonson in his "Discoveries," is "*imitatio*, to be able to convert the substance and riches of another poet to his own use." Jonson, as is well known, followed to the full this precept. Dryden said of him that he was a learned plagiary; you track him everywhere in the snow of the ancient classics. In recent times the work of Prof. Felix E. Schelling and M. Castelain has shown that Jonson's so-called "Discoveries" is little else than a commonplace book of translations and adaptations, chiefly from the classics, made with a view, as Charles Crawford has shown, to using this material in his poems and dramas. The forthcoming edition of Jonson, now in preparation by C. H. Herford and R. Simpson, will probably point out more fully than has yet been done how largely Jonson drew upon his classical reading in the composition of his works.

In the meantime my studies in the works of Chapman, Jonson's friend, collaborator, and fellow student, have convinced me that Chapman no less than Jonson levied tribute at will upon the ancients. His poems and plays show on every page the influence of his classical studies. The plot of his best comedy, for example, "All Fives," is a mere blending, a *contaminatio* as classical scholars call it, of the "Heautontimoroumenos" and the "Adelphi" of Terence. Chapman takes over from Seneca many well-known dramatic devices, the messenger who describes the duel in "Bussy d'Ambois," the ghost who rises to demand vengeance in the "Revenge of Bussy," the Nuntius who plays the part of a Chorus in "Cæsar and Pompey." These all lie on the surface; but owing to the lack of a critical and scholarly edition of Chapman's plays, it has yet to be pointed out how frequent, how varied, and how cleverly adapted are Chapman's direct borrowings from classical writers. This has been done in part by Professor Boas in his excellent edition of the two plays on Bussy in the Belles-Lettres Series; but there are a number of extremely interesting borrowings which Professor Boas has not recorded, and for the other tragedies practically nothing has been done. I mention the tragedies rather than the comedies because, so far as I can see at present, these borrowings are at once more numerous and more carefully woven into the texture of the verse in the serious plays. In the edition of Chapman on which I am at present engaged I hope to point out at least the greater part of these—no one but a classical scholar of Chapman's own depth and wide extent of reading could hope to find them all. Here it will be sufficient to note some characteristic passages. In quoting from Chapman I shall refer by page to the most accessible edition of his work, that by R. H. Shepherd, published by Chatto & Windus.

In the first scene of "Bussy d'Ambois," p. 141, we have a long tirade by Monsieur on the advantages of public life. This speech, passed over without comment by previous editors, is a mere mosaic of phrases from Plutarch's "De Latenter Vivendo." A comparison of the English verses and a Latin version of Plutarch will substantiate this assertion. I cite from the Latin, not only because it is easier for the general reader, but because I think it likely that Chapman, like most of his contemporaries, used by choice a Latin, or a parallel Greek and Latin, text of classical authors.

Chapman:

Callest thou men great in state, motes in the sun?
They say so that would have thee freeze in shades,
That (like the gross Sicilian gormandist)
Empty their noses in the cates they love,
That none may eat but they. Do thou but bring
Light to the banquet Fortune sets before thee,
And thou wilt loathe lean darkness like thy death.
Who would believe thy mettle could let sloth
Rust and consume it? If Themistocles
Had liv'd obscur'd thus in th' Athenian state,
Xerxes had made both him and it his slaves.
If brave Camillus had lurk'd so in Rome,
He had not five times been Dictator there,
Not four times triumph'd. If Epaminondas
(Who liv'd twice twenty years obscur'd in Thebes)
Had liv'd so still, he had been still unnam'd,
And paid his country nor himself their right;
But putting forth his strength he rescued both
From imminent ruin; and like burnish'd steel,
After long use he shin'd; for as the light
Not only serves to show, but render us
Mutually profitable, so our lives
In acts exemplary not only win
Ourselves good names, but do to others give
Matter for virtuous deeds by which we live.

Plutarch:

Philoxenum . . . et Gnathonem Siculum, obsoniorum nimia cupiditate impulsos, narium sordes emungere in patinas solitos ferunt, ut, aliis ab edendo deterritis, ipsi soli implerentur propositis cibis. Atque sic etiam isti nimio gloriæ studio repleti gloriam apud alios traducunt tanquam rivales suos, ut ipsi ea absque æmulis possint potiri.—i, 2.

Si Themistocles Atheniensibus ignotus fuisset, non repulissent Græci Xerxem: si Camillus Romanis, periisset Roma.—iv, 4.

Epaminondas quidem ad quadragesimum usque annum obscurus, nihil profuit Thebanis: postmodo cognitus et rebus præfectus patriam pessum euntem servavit, Græciamque servitute liberavit. . . . Dum quippe in usu est splendet, æs ut nobile; in otio si jaceat, labescit non modo, ut est apud Sophoclem, domus, sed etiam ingenium viri.—iv, 5.

Nimirum sic sentio; sicut lumen non manifestos tantum nos, sed et utiles invicem facit; ita notitiâ non gloriam modo, sed et agendi materiam virtutibus parari. —iv. 4.

It will be noticed, of course, that here is no slavish translation, Chapman omits, rearranges, expands, inserts his own ideas; the sentence, "Do thou but bring," etc., has no parallel in Plutarch. Yet on the whole, the parallel is so close as to suggest that Chapman wrote these lines with his copy of Plutarch open before him, unless indeed he kept a commonplace book after the pattern of Jonson's "Discoveries."

An entirely different use of the classics appears in "Bussy," ii, 1 (p. 148):

Then, as in Arden I have seen an oak
Long shook with tempests, and his lofty top
Bent to his root, which being at length made loose,
(Even groaning with his weight) began to nod
This way and that, as loath his curled brows
(Which he had oft wrapt in the sky with storms)
Should stoop; and yet, his radical fibres burst
Stormlike he fell, and hid the fear-cold earth.

The origin of this elaborate simile is, I fancy, a well-known passage in Virgil:

Ac veluti summis antiquam in montibus ornum
Cum ferro accisam crebrisque bipennibus instant
Eruere agricolæ certatim; illa usque minatur
Et tremefacta comam concusso vertice nutat,
Volneribus donec paulatim evicta supremum
Congemuit traxitque jugis avolsa ruinam.
—Æneid, ii, 626 seq.

There is no question of translation here, even of the freest Elizabethan translation. The trees are different, the places in which they grow are different, the reasons of their fall are different. Yet it seems plain that Chapman's simile was inspired by that of Virgil, and even that the English poet's choice of words was suggested by the Latin; compare "groaning with his weight" and "congemuit," "gan to nod" and "nutat," "curled brows" and "comam," "storm-like

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

he fell" and "traxit . . . ruinam."

The "Revenge of Bussy" is even more marked than the preceding play by its draught upon the classics. It is, in fact, saturated with classical adaptations and reminiscences. Mr. Boas has pointed out the strong influence of Epictetus, several passages from whose "Discourses" are worked into the texture of the play, but there are other borrowings which he has omitted to note. One of the most interesting of these is found in ii, 2 (p. 185), in the speech of Tamyra, beginning "That is so far." The simile which closes this speech is taken over with a few changes from a poem by Chapman himself, entitled "A Good Woman," which appeared a year before the publication of "The Revenge," *i. e.*, in 1612. This poem is a paraphrase in heroic couplets of parts of Plutarch's "Conjugalia Præcepta," an essay which had been already translated by Lily in "Euphues and His England" (the epistle of Euphues to Philantus, ii, 223, Bond's edition). I give here the Latin of Plutarch (Conjug. Præcept., §14), followed by the rendering in the poem, "A Good Woman."

Plutarch:

Sed quemadmodum geometræ dicunt lineas et superficies non se ipsis moveri, sed motus corporum comitari: ita uxor debet non proprias habere affectiones, sed mariti seria, joca, austeritatem vultus, ii-sumque subsequi.

Chapman:

And as Geometricians approve
That lines nor superficies do move
Themselves but by their bodies' motion go;
So your good woman never strives to grow
Strong in her own affections and delights,
But to her husband's equal appetites,
Earnests and jests, and looks' austerities,
Herself in all her subject powers applies.

The passage in the play simply rewrites these lines in blank verse. A little further on in this scene (p. 185) we come upon the fable of the wind and the sun. Chapman took this also, not from Æsop, but from the "Conjugalia Præcepta" (§12), where it is found, along with its application to the husband's treatment of the wife. Another bit of the same treatise which appears in the poem, "A Good Woman," is not introduced in this scene, perhaps because Chapman had already alluded to it in an earlier drama.

Plutarch:

Qui ad elephantos accedunt, splendido; qui ad tauros, puniceo vestitu non utuntur, quod his coloribus animalia ista in rabiem vertuntur.—§45.

Chapman:

And as those that in Elephants delight,
Never come near them in weeds rich and bright,
Nor bulls approach in scarlet, since those hues
Through both those beasts enrag'd affects diffuse.

Compare:

To bulls we must not show ourselves in red,
Nor to the warlike elephant in white.
"Byron's Conspiracy," ii, 1 (p. 224).

Another instance of Chapman's making double use of a loan from the classics occurs in the third and fourth acts of this play. A substantial part of the long speech of Clermont (p. 197) beginning "God hath the whole world perfect made and free," and going on to the end of the speech is expanded, as Mr. Boas has shown, from the "Discourses" of Epictetus iv, 7, 6-11. This work, however, was not done for the play, but had already appeared in the shape of a poem in heroic couplets, entitled "Please with thy Place," among the poems appended to Chapman's translation of Petrarch's "Seven Penitential Psalms," 1612. This poem, for some unknown reason, was not included in Shepherd's edition of the "Minor Poems," and as no copy of the original volume exists at the British Museum, it is only known to the few who have had the curiosity to examine the tiny book at the Bodleian. Only part of the poem appears at this point in the drama, but the frugal author, determined to lose none of it, inserted the latter half in a subsequent speech of Clermont's (p. 200), beginning "That in this one thing all the discipline," and going on to the end of the speech. It is interesting to note that after making a few changes in the first lines of this latter passage to remove the end-rhyme, Chapman, tired of his task, and transferred the remainder, rhyme and all, from the poem to the play.

One of the most curious of Chapman's adaptations appears in the second act of "The Revenge" (p. 189), in the long speech by Clermont beginning "So children." The simile beginning "And as the foolish poet," and going on through the speech, attracts attention at once by its phraseology: "parchment ruled with lead," "smoothed with the pumice," "strung with crimson strings." It is evident that Chapman is thinking of an ancient manuscript, not of a modern book, and the supposition lies on the surface that he is here negotiating another loan from the treasury of the classic poets. And, true enough, the whole simile turns out to be a clever adaptation from a poem of Catullus. I print so much of the poem as Chapman seems to have used.

Catullus (xxii):

Suffenus iste, Vare, quem probe nosti,
Homost venustus et dicax et urbanus,
Idemque longe plurimos facit versos.
Puto esse ego illi milia aut decem aut plura
Perscripta, nec sic ut fit in palimpseston
Relata: chartæ regiæ, novei libri,
Novei umbilici, lora rubra, membrana
Derecta plumbo, et pumice omnia æquata.
Hæc cum legas tu, bellus ille et urbanus
Suffenus unus caprimulgus aut fossor
Rursus videtur: tantum abhorret hac mutat.
Hoc quid putemus esse? qui modo scurra
Aut siquid hac re scitius videbatur,
Idem infacetost infacetior rure,
Simul poemata attigit, neque idem unquam
Æquest beatus ac poema cum scribit:
Tam gaudet in se tamque se ipse miratur.

Chapman:

And as the foolish poet that still writ
All his most self-loved verse on paper royal,
Or parchment rul'd with lead, smooth'd with the pumice,
Bound richly up, and strung with crimson strings;
Never so blest as when he writ and read
The ape-lov'd issue of his brain, and never
But joying in himself, admiring ever;
Yet in his works behold him and he show'd
Like to a ditcher, so these painted men,
All set on out-side, look upon within,
And not a peasant's entrails shall you find
More foul and measled, nor more starv'd of mind.

An examination of the context in which this passage is set, and a comparison of Chapman's verses with their source, will throw an interesting light upon Chapman's method of composition. Clermont is denouncing in a long tirade the degenerate aristocracy of France, "the breathing sepulchres of noblesse." In order to add weight and dignity to the speech, Chapman turns to his classics for apt illustrations. He begins with a quotation from Epictetus, and, contrary to his practice, actually makes an acknowledgment of his source in the margin. He goes on with a curious version of an Æsopian fable (Æsop, No. 184, ed. Teubner), of which I have not been able to find the counterpart elsewhere. Then, passing on to the characteristic attention paid by a decadent generation to externals, he happens to remember some verses by Catullus describing a poetaster who published his wretched verses in the most beautiful form. Chapman, we may imagine, opens his Catullus to refresh his memory, and, with his eye on the Latin text, composes the verses printed above. His opening phrases, "the foolish poet," and "self-lov'd verse," are inspired rather by the general tone of Catullus's poem, than by any particular words; but "paper royal," "parchment rul'd with lead" and "smooth'd with the pumice," are lifted directly from the Latin. Chapman omits the "novei umbilici" as too hard to fit into English blank verse; but "novei libri" appears as "bound richly up," and "lora rubra" as "strung with crimson strings." Further, the words, "never so blest," "writ," "joying in himself," and "admiring," are all directly suggested by the original. The two and a half Latin lines beginning "hæc cum legas" are condensed into a line and a half in Chapman by the omission of the epithets attached in the original to Suffenus, and the word "caprimulgus." The close of Chapman's passage differs absolutely from that of the poem. Catullus has his own moral to draw, that each of us is, in one way or another, a Suffenus, each rides a hobby, to his own delight and the derision of others. Chapman strikes a graver tone, and completes his simile by applying it to the condition of the French noblesse, "painted men," gay without as the manuscripts of Suffenus, but within foul, sickly, and hunger-pinched. Would any modern author dare to treat a classic writer in this fashion, to convey not only ideas, but words and whole phrases from him, and yet to handle him with such masterful freedom, omitting, condensing, rearranging, and finally giving an entirely different turn to the borrowed idea? Nothing, I think, could mark more plainly the change of attitude that has taken place than the fact that such a performance as this we have been considering is now wholly impossible. We think at once too much and too little of our classics.

T. M. Parrott.

Princeton University, April 2.

LEGAL PROCEEDINGS AGAINST ANIMALS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: It may not be superfluous to call the attention of those who have been interested in Dr. Furness's note in your issue of March 4, on the hanging of wolves, and M. Reinach's comment (*Nation*, April 1), to Mr. Frazer's elaborate note in Vol. II of his edition of Pausanias, p. 370. Mr. Frazer makes special reference to A. Chaboseau, "Procès contre les animaux," and cites many quaint and curious instances.

Charles St. Clair Wade.

Tufts College, Mass., April 2.

THE LATE PROFESSOR CARPENTER.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Will you give me the privilege of adding to more formal expressions of sorrow for the lamented death of Prof.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

George Rice Carpenter a word of the esteem in which he has been held by the schoolteachers of the city, and indeed of the whole country?

Professor Carpenter's work had interested him in the school teaching of English, the most important and the most unbearably difficult of our burdens. We had learned thus to respect him as a leader. He gave to our school work freely for many years the aid of his taste and discretion. Where he directed we found it safe to follow. But in our relations we learned still more to value him as a friend. He was a helper not less than a leader. In the execution of our tasks, not less than in the solution of our problems, he bore a hand, always giving generously his sympathy, and ungrudgingly his practical coöperation. If anything worth while has been done to meet the ever-growing necessity of teaching better English to the school community, no man of us has contributed more effectively to this result than Professor Carpenter did.

Of his personal character, as we who were so happy as to be near him have known it, it is now difficult to refrain from speaking, little as he would desire such speech. Manly and strong in all ways, he was one of those who most justify the noble phrase of the English author, which calls upon the "holy and humble men of heart" to bless their Maker. In all his profession there was no better man than he, nor one more humble of heart, and surely we may say, in fraternal farewell, that his short life blessed the world, and Him who gave it. JAMES G. CROSWELL.

New York, April 10.

JEFFERSON ON CENTRALIZATION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I enclose you a copy of a letter of Thomas Jefferson to Nathaniel Macon. The original is a part of a small collection of Macon papers, belonging to Mrs. Walter K. Martin of Richmond, Va. In Ford's (Federal) edition of Jefferson's "Writings," Vol. XII, p. 206, there is a letter to the same correspondent, dated August 19, 1821. The enclosed is another letter treating the same general subject, and written only one day earlier. I need hardly say that the book which is discussed is John Taylor's "Construction Construed."

WILLIAM E. DODD.

Chicago, March 30.

Monticello August 18. 21

SIR: Your favor of the 7th is just now received. The letter to which it refers was written by me with the sole view of recommending, to the study of my fellow citizens, a book which I considered as containing more genuine doctrines on the subject of our government, and carry us back more truly to its fundamental principles, than any one which had been written since the adoption of our constitution. As confined to this object I thought, & still think, its language as plain & intelligible as I can make it, but when we see inspired writings made to speak whatever opposite controversiallists wish them to say, we can not ourselves expect to find language incapable of similar distortion. My expressions were general; their perversion is in their misapplication to a particular case. To test them truly, they should turn to the book, with whose opinion they profess to coincide. If the book establishes that a state has no right to tax the monied property within its limits, or that it can be called, as a party, to the bar of the Federal judiciary, then they may infer that these are my opinions, if no such doctrines are there, my letter does not authorize their imputation to me. It has long, however, been my opinion, and I have never shrunk from its expression (altho, I do not cause it to be put into a newspaper, nor, like a Priam in armour, offer myself its champion) that the germ of dissolution of our federal government is in the constitution of the federal judiciary; an irresponsible body (for impeachment is scarcely a scare-crow) working, like gravity, by night & day, gaining a little to-day and a little to-morrow, and advancing its noiseless step, like a thief, over the field of jurisdiction, until all shall be usurped from the states, & the government of all become consolidated into one. to this I am opposed; because whenever all government, domestic & foreign, in little as in great things, shall be drawn to Washington as the centre of all power, it will render powerless the checks provided, of one government on another, & will become as venal & oppressive as the government from which we departed. It will be as in Europe where every man must be either pike or gudgeon, hammer or anvil. Our functionaries and theirs are wares from the same work shop; made of the same material, & by the same hand. if the states look with apathy on this silent descent of their government into the gulph which is to swallow all, we have only to weep over the human character, formed incontrolable but by a rod of iron; & the blasphemers of man, as incapable of self government, become his true historians. But let me beseech you, sir, not to let this letter get into a newspaper. tranquility, at my age, is the supreme good of life. I think it a duty, & it is my earnest wish, to take no further part in public affairs; to leave them to the existing generation, to whose turn they have fallen, and to resign the remains of a decaying body & mind to their protection. The abuse of confidence, by publishing my letters, has cost me more than all other pains, and made me affraid to put pen to paper in a letter of sentiment. if I have done it frankly in answer to your letter, it is in full trust that I shall not be thrown by you into the Arena of a newspaper. I salute you with great respect. TH JEFFERSON.

THE ORIGIN OF THE GUILLOTINE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The reviewer of "The Gay Gordons," *Nation*, December 31, 1908, p. 653, writes: "The silly, gallant lad who got himself beheaded (*guillotined* is surely a curious anachronism for 1769) at Brest as a spy," etc.

The italics are your reviewer's. Was the author guilty of an anachronism in describing one of his characters as *guillotined* in 1769? I am not so confident on the point. Undoubtedly the *word* "guillotine" comes from Dr. Guillotin, a member of the National Assembly in 1789, who proposed that capital punishment consist of beheading by means of a machine (in place of axe or sword). Yet, strange as it may sound, there is no evidence that Guillotin ever invented any such machine, while there is abundant evidence that the method of beheading by means of the "drop" was known long before 1789.

First, let me criticise the "Oxford Dictionary": "Guillotin, the name of a physician at whose suggestion the instrument was employed in 1789." Guillotin made the suggestion not as physician, but as Deputy; and the instrument subsequently adopted was employed first in 1792. The maker was one Schmidt of Strassburg. In consequence of the adoption, in 1791, of the new penal code, which prescribed "beheading" as the sole capital punishment, the Minister of Justice, at the request of the magistrates, asked the Assembly for instructions concerning the means to be employed. The Assembly thereupon appointed a committee, and this committee consulted Louis, the secretary of the Academy of Surgery. On March 20, 1792, the committee recommended and the Assembly adopted the mode of execution proposed by Louis. This was "the mode adopted in England." The body of the criminal is laid on its stomach between two posts connected at top by a cross-beam, whence a convex hatchet is made to fall suddenly on the patient by the removal of a peg. The back of the hatchet should be strong and heavy enough to perform the object, like the weight with which piles are driven."

Louis seems to have heard of the Halifax drop axe, once in use there, but scarcely a general instrument in England. A similar "drop," known in Scotland as Morton's Maiden, is mentioned by Walter Scott, in "The Abbot," chapter xviii. It is interesting to note that Marshal de Montmorenci was beheaded at Toulouse in 1632 by means of such an instrument. In truth there are evidences that the drop machine was known in Germany and Italy. It seems to me quite possible, then, that the gallant young Gordon may have been beheaded in this fashion at Brest in 1769. Before the Revolution, even before the Terror, each province went its own way. What the action of the Assembly in 1792 accomplished was to generalize the method and the new machine. It should also be noted that Schmidt's machine was first named *le petit Louison;* but this was almost immediately supplanted by *la Guillotine.* Why, is a puzzle; for, as I have said, there is no evidence to connect the doctor with the events of 1792.

For the above facts I am indebted to an article by Croker, in the *Quarterly Review* of December, 1843. J. M. HART.

Cornell University, April 8.

CORRECT SPEAKING.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is a disappointment to me to find that in your article, "The New English Requirements for College" (April 1), no word is offered on the beauty of *spoken* English and the growing tendency towards careless articulation and indifferent pronunciation. It is surely true, as you say, that the literary works to be studied and the subjects set for composition should be chosen with the direct purpose of discouraging "pupils in the habit of slipshod thinking and hazy expression." It is also true that the "art of clear writing" ought to be easily mastered in the happy environment of cultured parents and schoolmates; but it should be remembered that many thousands of words are *spoken* to every one word which is written, and the "art of clear writing" should not be extolled to the neglect of pure, clean, distinct speaking.

It is a question whether the attendance of boys of all nationalities at our schools and colleges is the handicap which it is made out to be. Such boys are for the most part of the second generation born in this country—and my own experience has been that it is almost impossible to make these boys speak the native language of their parents even in the home circle. They speak the language of the school they attend and that of their classmates in the same school or of their playmates in similar schools. The question is: What *is* the school language, as to its purity, and who makes it? Sure-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ly it is not the boys who make it, and if the boys are allowed to grow in garbled pronunciation it is not because of any foreign accent, or because of the foreign tongue spoken at home by their parents. The responsibility belongs elsewhere. When teachers and professors indulge in mispronunciation—or, if that is too severe a word, say that "shading down" which robs a sound of its characteristic definiteness and the language of its characteristic charm—what is to become of the pupils?

The subject of language should be treated as a whole and the spoken language should have greater consideration proportionate to its greater use. In the intercourse between man and man why should not speech be made as pleasing to the ear as the subject under consideration may be fascinating to the mind? Why should our students be allowed to develop speech which seems lacking at once in those elements which constitute culture and refinement? Phonology—the science of sound in language—is not taught in our schools or colleges. And yet how important this is! By technical phonology the misplacement and transposition of vowel sounds and the beggaring of consonantal forms, which go to make up what some writers call the ugliness of English, can not only be easily detected, but can also be easily remedied. As to the incongruities in our careless pronunciation, "their name is legion," and you could not fill your pages with an adequate enumeration of them; but perhaps I may be allowed to cite one single example—the simple word "better." In all classes, with but few exceptions, you hear this word pronounced more like "bedder." If you will listen for this and other similar words, you will soon be convinced that T is gradually losing its clear definement and is merging into the sound which we represent by the alphabetical character D. This very example shows how easy is the remedy by the application of the principles of phonology. After more than thirty years' study of the subject I can say that it is as easy in the beginning to teach correct speaking as it is to teach the rudiments of *any* subject taught in our schools. And why not do it? What a boon to lovers of pure language to feel that when, after his college days, the average student takes his place in the world, it might be said of him: "It is good to hear him speak"!

CHARLES ELKIN.

New York, April 7.

Notes.

A second impression of "The Letters and Memorials of Wendell Phillips Garrison" will be issued on April 17, under the imprint of Houghton Mifflin Co.

John Murray will publish this month a study of "Six Oxford Thinkers," by Algernon Cecil. It deals with Gibbon, Newman, Church, Froude, Pater, and Lord Morley.

Sherman, French & Co. have on their spring list the following books: "The Passing of the Tariff," by Raymond L. Bridgman; "The Art and Science of Advertising," by George French; "Religion and Life," chapel addresses by members of the faculty of the Meadville Theological Seminary; "Providence and Calamity," by Charles W. Heisley; "Love, Faith, and Endeavor," by Harvey Carson Grumbine; "St. Peter," by Richard Arnold Greene; "Modern Light on Immortality," by Henry Frank; "The Trial of Christ," by John B. Kaye; and "The Vision of New Clairvaux," by Edward Pearson Pressy.

The spring list of Cassell & Co. includes the following titles: "Little People," by Richard Whiteing; "George Borrow," by R. A. J. Walling; "Women of All Nations: A Record of their Characteristics, Habits, Manners, Customs, and Influence"; "Quaint Subjects of the King," by John Foster Fraser; and "Faith: The Word and the Thing," by the Right Rev. Handley C. G. Moule.

The Dun Emer Press of Dublin will soon have ready a volume of poems by the late J. M. Synge. It is said that many of the poems are conceived in a spirit of tragic irony, as it were the poet's farewell to the world.

In a new edition of "The Gate of Death," now issued by Putnams, Arthur C. Benson acknowledges his authorship, which, as a matter of fact, has been pretty generally taken for granted.

To the convenient pocket edition of Kipling in limp red leather Doubleday, Page & Co. have added three new volumes: "Under the Deodars," "The Five Nations," and "Stalky & Co." This is an attractive form of these works, for the type is large and the paper is not so thin that it crumples.

"Travels in the Far East," by Mrs. Ellen M. H. Peck, is noteworthy as the detailed record of the experiences of a member of a personally conducted party in a "round the world" tour. It was mostly over very familiar ground, the novel features being a visit to Java, a voyage up the Yangtse River to Hankow, and thence by rail to Pekin and Mukden in Manchuria, and a trip to the Korean capital. The aim of the writer is purely instructive, and she gives much information in regard to the temples and palaces in India, Java, and Japan. Numerous personal details, relating chiefly to hotels, shopping, and modes of conveyance, though often extremely trivial, serve to lighten the prevailing guide-book character of the narrative. The great attraction of the work is its wealth of beautiful and well-chosen illustrations, 175 in number, which give a graphic representation of nearly every scene or building described in the text, as well as pictures of the varied native life. (Published by the author: 5 Waverly Place, Milwaukee, Wis.)

In "Peru: Its Story, People, and Religion," by Geraldine Guinness (F. H. Revell Co.), we have a book which, in spite of its offensive tone of gushing religiosity, contains an element of human interest. This lies in the first contact of an ardent young missionary with the varying types which Peru offers. These are rendered with a semblance of life, notwithstanding the exclamatory style. The best thing in the volume, however, is the illustrations after photographs, which are numerous, characteristic, and reproduced with unusual success.

To the photogravures in "Shamrock Land," by Plummer F. Jones (Moffat, Yard & Co.), must be credited its chief attraction. Most of them are good and some are well-nigh brilliant. As for the text, in which Mr. Jones narrates his "Rambles through Ireland," it gives only the innocent impressions of one who writes with an amazing air of being the first discoverer of a country and people that, somehow, have figured in the literature of travel and description. Amiable scraps of history and poetry are pinned to a narrative which is artless else. To turn from this author's Irish castles to R. Barry O'Brien's "Dublin Castle and the Irish People" (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co.) is to pass from an ineffectual book to one of pith and moment. What Mr. O'Brien gives us is a condensed historical account of English administration in Ireland, with all its machinery and personnel, not omitting the ways in which it impinges upon the feelings of Irishmen. The subject is dry, yet the laboriously compiled information is shot through with flashes of national spirit and with stories to the point. It is one way, not least instructive, of recording England's most conspicuous failure in government. That, too, is in effect the theme of "Contemporary Ireland," by L. Paul-Dubois (Baker & Taylor Co.). This is a translation of "L'Irlande contemporaine," that excellent French study which was reviewed in the *Nation* in 1907 (August 15, p. 142). It is here furnished with an introduction by an Irish M. P., T. M. Kettle, who naturally dwells upon the historic relations of France and Ireland, and acknowledges the capacity of this "sympathetic student," despite now and then "an irritating phrase," to produce "the best book that has been written in recent years on the problems of Ireland."

Ever since the publication two years ago of Layard's "Shirley Brooks of *Punch*," there has been a renewal of interest in the attitude of that national jester, Lord Punch, toward America during the civil war. It then was for the first time made certainly known that the famous retractation, printed after the death of Lincoln, was written by Tom Taylor, and with this knowledge came the unpleasant information that there had been strong opposition to any such amends, that indeed Shirley Brooks himself, afterwards editor of the paper, regarded the action as a gratuitous self-humiliation. Now William S. Walsh has brought together the cartoons, comments, and poems printed during the war, and calls his little book "Abraham Lincoln and the London *Punch*" (Moffat, Yard & Co.). It affords a curious glimpse into the humor of a past generation, and has a certain historical interest besides. Mr. Walsh's own running comment on the cartoons and poems will help younger readers to understand the prejudices and passions of the day.

The University of Glasgow has published, as a memorial to Dr. John Young, a "Catalogue of the Manuscripts in the Library of the Hunterian Museum." The work was planned and begun by Dr. Young, and on his death in 1902 was completed by a committee. The handsome quarto volume of more than 500 pages is a worthy memorial and points the way for other institutions having like possessions. Unlike a book, a manuscript possesses unique qualities, and no two manuscripts of the same work are exactly alike, as scholars have found to their cost. The description and history of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

each item cannot be too detailed, and every feature has interest for the expert who is in search of the best possible text. In this respect the present catalogue is a model, even giving diagrams of the leaves of a signature to show what particular portion of a leaf is missing. The Oriental manuscripts are separately described, and naturally the medical treatises are numerous.

The Virginia archives were long in such a condition as to forbid examination by students or use by the State officials. For three years, the librarian has been engaged in arranging them, and as one of the results a "Calendar of Legislative Petitions" coming from the counties from Accomac to Bedford is now issued, prepared by H. J. Eckenrode, archivist. The arrangement is by counties, and chronologically under each county an elaborate index of names and subjects offers a convenient means to trace a particular document. A glance at the "free negroes" and "slaves" entries will prove the richness of material thus opened to the investigator.

Clement Shorter has done a valuable service in gathering together in a single volume, "Napoleon and His Fellow Travellers" (Cassell & Co.), several first-hand accounts of Napoleon's sayings and doings from his embarkation on the Bellerophon at Rochefort till his landing from the Northumberland at St. Helena. He has offered nothing *absolument inédit*, but it is well to rescue from oblivion the little known accounts of Home, Ross, Smart, Bowerbank, and Bingham, and make it possible to compare them with the Warden Letters (here reprinted with notes) and the Glover-Cockburn Narratives. The accounts of all these eye-witnesses, written from different angles of vision and with varying emotions, are of intense human interest and offer valuable material for historical and psychological study. In his introduction the editor takes Lord Rosebery and J. H. Rose to task—the former for his judgments on Las Cases and Gourgaud, the latter for echoing the average British Philistinism in trying to condone the English government's treatment of the fallen foe.

The "Itivuttaka" belongs to the same division of the Pāli Canon as the "Dhammapada" and the "Jātakas," and is an interesting anthology of the "Sayings of Buddha." A translation of this, as of many other volumes of the Pāli Text Society, has been a desideratum, which we are glad to see met by Dr. Justin Hartley Moore (The Columbia University Press). The English of the translation is well enough, but a very considerable number of errors of interpretation and some of fact compel the judgment that the task was undertaken before the writer was fully prepared for his task.

Paul Sabatier has published his recent Jowett Lectures, "Les Modernistes," as an instalment of "Notes d'histoire religieuse contemporaine" (Paris: Fishbacher). One will find here a brief and, needless to say, cordial account of the main champions of the Modernist cause—Loisy, Murri, and others. As necessary documents, the petition of a group of French Catholics to the Pope and translation of the Encyclical Pascendi and the Syllabus Lamentabili are added. As a clear and in the main candid record of the French disestablishment and the aims of the Modernists the book is valuable. It has the persuasiveness and conciliatory spirit of all of M. Sabatier's writing. It seems to us, however, to come short of complete candor in failing to admit the revolutionary implications of Modernism.

As *Heft* 4 of the current series Texte und Untersuchungen zur Geschichte der altchristlichen Literatur, edited by Prof. A. Harnack and C. Schmidt, we have now a new book of sources entitled "Das Leben des heiligen Symeon Stylites." Prof. Hans Lietzmann of Jena, with the assistance of the members of his seminar for church history, has furnished a critical edition of the Greek sources, while Heinrich Hilgenfeld has added an excellent translation of the Syriac sources, and will later publish this Syriac text itself. The work, which is a model of accurate scholarship, is a *Festgabe* issued on the occasion of the recent centennial celebration of the University of Jena.

Original and scholarly investigations in archæology fill from cover to cover the new fourth annual volume of the Palästinabuch issued by the German Archæological Institute, in Jerusalem, edited by Prof. G. Dalman (Berlin: E. S. Mittler & Sohn). These investigations are along the Dead Sea, through the East Jordan country, and along the arduous way from the so-called Mount of Moses to the tomb of Moses. Several articles deal with topographical problems in modern Jerusalem, and with the description of modern marriage customs illustrative of Biblical times.

"Bosnische Eindrücke," by J. M. Baernreither, with the subtitle "Eine politische Studie" (Vienna: Manz), is a timely booklet, far more critical and careful than many of the recent books dealing with the Balkans. The author discusses intelligently such subjects as the political life, the government, and the schools of the country.

"Griechen und Bulgaren im neunzehnten und zwanzigsten Jahrhundert" is an authorized German translation of the work of the Greek author Nikoles Kasisis (Leipzig: Liebisch). The work is decidedly Hellenistic in bias.

Martin Richter's "Kultur und Reich der Marotse: Eine historische Studie" (Leipzig: Voightländer), the latest issue in the series Beiträge zur Kultur- und Universalgeschichte, edited by Prof. K. Lamprecht, is in every way an excellent addition to recent Africana. The author is a good observer and skilled narrator. His work is divided into two parts, one treating the history of the Marotse people, and the other their culture and civilization.

The programme for the celebration of the five hundredth anniversary of the University of Leipzig will cover three days, July 29-31, together with a *Vorabend* with a public reception especially for visitors from other universities on the 28th. The festivities proper begin with a divine service on the 29th in the Paulinerkirche, followed by addresses of the King and the rector in a public meeting in the New Theatre. The historical pageant takes place on the second day and an excursion to Meissen as the special guests of his Majesty, on the third. Naturally a *Kommers* on a grand scale occupies a prominent position on the programme.

The English teachers of language have organized a Joint Committee on Grammatical Terminology, "in the hope of framing some simplified and consistent scheme of grammatical nomenclature, tending in the direction of uniformity for all the languages concerned." The committee is making particular inquiry on the following points:

(a) Terms open to practical objections on the score of obscurity or inadequacy in representing the usage of any one particular language considered alone, and

(b) Terms which though not giving rise to difficulties within the study of one language appear nevertheless to be inconsistent with those used to describe similar things in other languages.

George Rice Carpenter, professor of rhetoric and English composition at Columbia University, died April 8. He was born in 1863, on the coast of Labrador; prepared for college at Phillips Andover Academy, and was graduated from Harvard in 1886. After two years of study abroad, he returned to Harvard as instructor in English. From 1890 to 1893 he was associate professor of English at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology; and in the autumn of 1893, he came to Columbia, where he reorganized the work in composition, introduced the most approved methods, and displayed remarkable skill both as a teacher and administrator. He was author of a number of text-books, including "Elements of Rhetoric," "English Grammar," and "Notes for Teachers of Composition." He had edited a volume of "American Prose," another of "Model English Prose," and Latham's "Letters of Dante"; and he was general editor of Longmans' English Classics. But, in spite of his labors as teacher and writer of textbooks, he found time for more purely literary work, as shown in such competent books as his "Life of Longfellow" (in the Beacon Biographies, 1901), "Life of Whittier" (in the American Men of Letters Series, 1903), and "Walt Whitman," just published in the English Men of Letters Series, and reviewed in the *Nation* of April 8.

Mrs. Will H. Low (*née* Berthe Julienne) has died at her home in Lawrence Park, Bronxville. She was born in Caen, France, in 1853, and was married to Mr. Low in Paris, in 1875. For several years Mr. and Mrs. Low were much with Robert Louis Stevenson. Later Mrs. Low translated "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" into French, and at the time of her death was engaged on a version of his complete works. She wrote also for the magazines, and compiled a book on "French Home Cooking, Adapted to American Households."

THE POWER OF THE MEDICI.

Lorenzo the Magnificent, and Florence in Her Golden Age. By E. L. S. Horsburgh. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $4.50 net.

Lorenzo de' Medici is likely to remain the most attractive of despots. To-day his political activity would cause him to be classified with party bosses, to most of whom he could easily give points. In the nineteenth century he had at least one imitator on a large scale—Napoleon III, who not only successfully won his way to the throne by

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

a mingling of audacity and guile, but deliberately tried to maintain himself there by a lavish use of display and public amusements, and by the ostentatious patronage of arts and literature. Louis Napoleon's problem differed widely from Lorenzo's, and eventually, at the age of sixty-two, he went down into the great gulfs; Lorenzo died in his forty-third year, with his hold on power apparently unshaken. He had shared in the government of Florence since he was twenty, and had been her single and undisputed tyrant since he was twenty-nine. Yet within a few weeks of his death, his despotism melted away. We ask whether, had he lived ten years longer, he would have managed to keep his seat, or, like the third Napoleon, he would have been blasted by a coalition of hostile circumstances which he misjudged and could not control. The question cannot be answered, but Mr. Horsburgh furnishes data for those who would speculate upon it.

Lorenzo's life has been a favorite theme for historical writers. At least one historian of unusual ability has treated it—William Roscoe, whose biography, first published in 1795, is still read, and deserves to be. Sixty years later Von Reumont produced a solid work, embodying the then latest investigation of sources. After him, Professor Villari, in his biographies of Savonarola and Machiavelli, and in his Florentine history, had much to say about Lorenzo. In 1895 Edward Armstrong of Queen's College, Oxford, wrote an excellent brief life, with which Mr. Horsburgh's volume will naturally be compared. Indeed, the reviewer finds himself forced to reply to readers who ask: "We cannot read both Armstrong and Horsburgh; which shall we choose?" It is safe to reply that either gives a fair survey of Lorenzo's life and times. Armstrong is more compact; Horsburgh more detailed. Both see the main line of historical evolution, and describe it intelligently. Horsburgh pays more attention to the state of Italy, and to Renaissance civilization in general. Both do justice to the wonderful flowering of Humanism at Lorenzo's court. Both analyze Lorenzo's own poems with much minuteness. In his criticism, as in his historical research, Mr. Horsburgh, who comes after Mr. Armstrong in time, seems to have formed his opinions independently. It is interesting to see how much influence J. A. Symonds has had on both.

To come now directly to Mr. Horsburgh, we like his introduction, in which, in the course of fifty pages, he gives a clear summary of Italian politics in the fifteenth century. This is indispensable, because the reader needs to have such a clue to the incessant, intricate, and seemingly purposeless turmoil of that period. The only common motive was love of power. The law of the jungle prevailed. But Mr. Horsburgh has succeeded in disentangling the skein of events in Naples, Milan, Rome, Venice, and Florence, so that we see the elements out of which Lorenzo's policy had to be woven. Perhaps he does less than justice to Venice, but that is natural in one who has saturated himself with the Florentine ideals. His account of the rise of the Medici, beginning with Cosimo *Pater Patriæ*, is clear and satisfactory. The student of comparative government will find material here for contrasting the way by which a fifteenth century Florentine boss got control of his city and state, and the way by which a modern, say, Tweed or Croker, Platt or Quay, accomplished a similar result in New York and Pennsylvania four hundred years later. We commend Mr. Horsburgh for correcting a common notion that Lorenzo crushed any valid political liberties. By the time he became despot, Florence was a republic in only a Pickwickian sense. Her liberty-loving folk had about as much understanding of true freedom as the French Terrorists had. Lorenzo's domination meant order, which the upper and well-to-do classes craved. The one dramatic episode of his career, the Conspiracy of the Pazzi, Mr. Horsburgh describes fully. His chapter upon it is the high-water mark of the book, and will suffice to furnish the curious with a gauge of his scope and calibre. Most striking is his sobriety. Equally sober are his descriptions of Lorenzo's statesmanship at home and abroad, and of his family life. Like the other biographers, he makes us feel Lorenzo's charm so intimately that we wonder why his own pages do not fascinate us more. Instead of color, instead of glow, as might befit the subject, we have a picture done in sepia, lifelike, indeed, in its outlines, but not quite living.

Nevertheless, the book is interesting, its information has been painstakingly gathered, and is well-presented. Though it does not rank among great biographies, it belongs among the good ones, and that fact, with the perennial charm of its hero, ought to commend it to many readers. Illustrations and genealogical tables add to its usefulness; but we have marked many *corrigenda*, especially in the Italian proper names. It seems incredible that Mr. Horsburgh, after working as conscientiously as he has done, should never have observed that Machiavelli is spelled with one *c*, or that the name of his hero is Lorenzo de' Medici (not *dei*).

The Medici Popes (Leo X and Clement VII). By Herbert M. Vaughan. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $4 net.

This is, above all else, an amiable book. It is written as nearly without partisan bias as one could ever expect in a work treating of a subject that involved religious considerations of any sort. It would be impossible to judge from internal evidence whether the author is a Roman Catholic or not. In his preface he disclaims all intention of going deeply into the tortuous ways of Medicean politics or of discussing the burning religious questions of the hour. The former promise the book redeems as well, probably, as any moderately extended treatment of a Medicean subject could. The men whose lives are here described were born into a community in which politics was the very breath of life. That they happened to be devoted to the clerical calling was the merest accident. That profession was far more a political than a religious one. It was assigned to these Medicean youths as a fair division in the spoils of government that belonged by a kind of right of preëmption to their house. The Papacy, the crown of religious politics, was as much a legitimate object of Medicean ambition as was the sovereignty of Florence. In the combination of these two powers, whether in one hand or in the hands of coöperating members of the family, lay the ultimate goal of Medicean policy for generations. If it could have been permanently attained, the control of all Italy might easily have followed, and a united Italy would have reacted decisively on the fortunes of Germany and of France.

It was, therefore, quite in the nature of things that in trying to give a picture of the early lives of Leo X and Clement VII, Mr. Vaughan should have been led into rather more detail of political complications than he perhaps intended or was conscious of, and these portions of his narrative will be the least satisfactory to his readers. When he brings his hero—if we may so describe Pope Leo X—into the full enjoyment of his most enjoyable Papacy, he is freer to dwell upon personal qualities and characteristic incidents, and here, we think, will be found the chief value of the book. "God has given us the Papacy: let us enjoy it!" is the keynote of Mr. Vaughan's account of Leo's administration of the headship of the Christian world. The story makes no pretence of originality. It is frankly indebted to many modern sources, but it reserves a certain judgment of these which saves it from being a mere compilation. The reader gains a sufficiently clear impression of the tumult of affairs in which a Medicean Pope inevitably lived—the conflicting demands of politics, religious and otherwise, of the arts in all their varieties of expression, of "society," if we may use the term to express the manifold personal relations into which the Pontiff was thrown, of business in the strict sense of the word, of sensuous gratification of every sort, of "sport," quite as we mean it nowadays, and (not to be utterly overlooked) of religious observance.

Mr. Vaughan is willing to give these

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Medici their due as regards the seriousness of their interest in the nobler ideals of the literary and artistic life, but he cannot conceal the impression that this idealism was satisfied with a certain grade of achievement and could not rise to the highest levels. The favorites of the Medicean court were not the greatest geniuses of their day, but rather the typical brilliant talents of that incredibly talented age. After all is said, it was a rotten thing, this Medicean Papacy, and it demonstrated once more that rottenness at the core will penetrate to the remotest circumference and poison the life of the whole organism.

The question of the religious schism is handled very lightly; but we get some curious glimpses of the lightheartedness with which the whole subject was viewed by this heathenish pretence of a Christian institution—as, for instance, when the Pope and all his court are thrown into fits of uproarious laughter by the spectacle, on the stage of the Vatican theatre, of a nun selecting a husband from a group of monks, all under the patronage of Cupid and his lady mother.

The treatment of Clement VII is naturally less detailed than that of his more famous cousin, with whose fortunes, indeed, his own were from the beginning very closely connected. Its central feature is, of course, the sack of Rome in 1527, the events leading up to this, and its effects upon the politics of Europe. A very brief final chapter is given to two other Medicean Popes, Pius IV (1559-1565) and Leo XI (April 1-April 27, 1605).

CURRENT FICTION.

Maurice Guest. By Henry Handel Richardson. New York: Duffield & Co.

This is not a book to be lightly undertaken or lightly dismissed. The mere courage of the author in launching upon this world of restless magazine-story readers, avid of sensation and quick solution, a novel of 562 wide, closely-printed pages, challenges respectful attention. Mr. Richardson has manifestly chosen Balzac for his master and has shrunk from no elaboration of detail that will go to build up and furnish his environment, from no thrust of the analytic probe that will penetrate the innermost selves of his characters. Season by season, week by week, almost day by day, we live through Maurice Guest's two years in Leipzig, till we know, almost as well as he does, its romantically homely streets, its comfortably sylvan parks, its river gay with skaters, its chattering crowds of music students of all nationalities. So abundant are the details, so frequent and apparently inconsequent the conversations, so continual the shifting, scattering, and regrouping of the minor characters, that for a while we really do not see the forest for the trees, and not till the clouds gather heavily over the coming end and the lesser actors begin to slip away, leaving Maurice and Louise to play out their tragedy of temperament and passion in comparative isolation, do we realize how intimate with them we have all the time been growing and how skilfully and artistically planned has been the long, slow passage from the soaring youthful hopes of the bright April morning with which the story opens, to the chill daybreak which brings an end to suffering beyond all remedy.

There is unquestionably much in the book to give more pain than pleasure. The theme itself, the demoralization and destruction of a hopeful young life by a great passion—the fatal, unreasoning, irresistible passion of the mediæval romances—for a woman who has neither principle nor goodness of heart, who is a mere embodiment of the mystery and power of sex, is all the more distressing because of the complete lovableness, the loyal, trusting, pure, and tender nature of poor Maurice. Some of the realism is not only disagreeably, but unnecessarily, coarse, and the general picture of student life in Leipzig is not one to encourage the parents and guardians of young persons of either sex who propose to study there. In this realistic picture, by the way, though it has all the air of being done from the life, there is one absurdly false touch. All the American students speak that marvellous "Yankee" lingo which is never heard this side of the footlights of English theatres. A pretty, well-dressed girl, apparently intended for a lady, exclaims on hearing that the river is frozen:

> Is that so? Oh, gee, that's fine! . . . Say, you people, why don't we fix up a party an' go up it nights? A lady in my boarding-house done that with some folks she was acquainted with last year. Seems to me we oughtn't to be behind. . . . An' by moonlight, too—but, say, is there a moon? Why, I presume there ought to be.

After this sort of thing, it takes all the power and convincing quality of the book as a whole to win back the reader's confidence. That confidence is reconquered, however, and the book makes a very serious impression.

The Pilgrims' March. By H. H. Bashford. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

By their fruits shall ye know them. This novel is palpably one of the fruits of the De Morgan tree, and emphasizes, if that were needed, our knowledge of the excellence of the parent stock. For the maker of minor fiction to have a good model means much. For his reader it means everything. Thus, though irritated, perchance, by a *bouffe* opening, and by the use of small, everyday material, and by an excess of the soliloquizing spirit—exaggerated De Morgan echoes all—the reader ultimately yields to the honesty of the work and the broadly human sympathies that animate the pages.

A young man possessed of an embryo sculptor-soul goes up to London to engage in the tea business. He is lodged with a family of missionary volunteers to whom evangelizing is all and art anathema. He is converted for a time to their ways and works and daughter, but as artist friends and a beautiful model cross his path, he finds his sculptor's soul, which eventually, after miry wanderings, triumphs, soaring above a narrow Puritanism on one hand, above unworthy weakness on the other. Good folk full of faults, careless ones full of virtues, flourish naturally and abundantly, while the scene swings about in green fields, gospel meetings, and studios. The characters are defined as by a good friend to them all. One feels the human tenderness in this writer's pen and one would be glad that he should write out the matter that is within him without drawing on reminiscence for his manner.

A Poor Man's House. By Stephen Reynolds. New York: John Lane Co.

We cannot tell how much fiction there is in this book. It is of the type which seems to stand between the sociological commentary and the literary study of "low life." The story-teller, or commentator, is an Englishman of, we suppose, the upper middle class, indigenous to society in the smaller sense of the term and inclined to learn something of it in the larger. He is also a novelist seeking copy. He goes down into a little English fishing village, and takes up his dwelling in a fisherman's shanty. He is startled to find human beings living there, not mere objects of study, but people worth knowing and liking. His ingenuousness at the outset is amazing—perhaps British. One might think the "poor man" with his charms and his virtues had been pretty thoroughly discovered. Mr. Reynolds discovers him all over again, is enchanted with the find, and succeeds in passing on some of his pleasure in it. Going among his fishers as a chiel takin' notes, with a novel in view, he keeps a journal and writes letters. In the end, he finds himself indisposed to work it all up:

> I was unwilling to cut about the material, to modify the characters, in order to meet the exigencies of plot, form, and so on. I felt that the life and the people were so much better than anything I could invent. Besides which, I found myself in possession of conclusions, hot for expression, which could not be incorporated at all into fiction.

So he gives us merely an arrangement of the diary-entries and letters, with a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

moral drawn more or less by afterthought.

The whole thing strikes one as a really sincere record and commentary. The fisherman and his household, their ways of life, speech, and thought, are presented with equal fidelity and sympathy. The author has what would seem a rather superfine literary manner if it were not overpowered by the candid simplicity of his substance. The house is full of children, scolding, confusion, coarse talk; but he manifestly likes it all. He finds no vulgarity there, no rooted selfishness. Even the canons of taste cease to seem of primary importance:

> The poor will read the literature of life's fundamental realities quickly enough, once they know of its existence. What they will not read, what in the struggle for existence they cannot waste time over, is the literature of the *et ceteras* of life, the decorations, the vaporings. Sane minds, like healthy bodies, crave strong meats, and the strong meats of literature are usually the worst cooked. I am inclined to think that the taste of the poor, the uneducated, is on right lines, though undeveloped, whilst the taste of the educated consists of beautifully developed wrongness, an exquisite recession from reality.

The author believes, moreover, that the "typical poor man's evolution is proceeding with a great solidity." In other words:

> The poor have kept essentially what a schoolboy calls the better end of the stick; not because their circumstances are better—materially their lives are often terrible enough—but because they know better how to make the most of what material circumstances they have.

Certainly the Widgers, as Mr. Reynolds succeeds in picturing them, are happy enough, good enough, successful enough in matters that count, to furnish ground for the opinion.

The Fate of Iciodorum: Being the Story of a City Made Rich by Taxation. By David Starr Jordan. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 90 cents net.

This is an amusing little fable of protection. The first draft, says the author, was made at Auvergne in 1883; the first publication was in the *Popular Science Monthly* in 1888. This issue in book form is peculiarly timely, because the attention of the country is again centred upon the subject, and also because, since "the chronicle was written, most of the events and nearly all the speeches have had their close parallels even in America."

The tale, in brief, recounts the process by which Iciodorum (modern Issoire) develops its industries by means of an *octroi*, or tariff. The Mayor conceives the happy idea that if all the boots, for example, are made at Issoire, "the boot-money will remain at home. It is as though, so far as the city is concerned, Issoire gets her boots for nothing." To be sure, the neighboring town of Clermont, with good water-power, nearness to the mountains, and cheaper hides and tanbark, can make boots more cheaply; but the tax certainly succeeds in establishing at Issoire a flourishing boot-factory. Yet, "strangely enough, the more boots that were produced, the more barefooted children were seen in the streets. But the money went steadily into the hands of those who used it best, and that is the main element in communal prosperity." The advocate of the *octroi* also urges a familiar doctrine:

> The great charm of this tax is that the people will not feel it at all, for it will be paid by outsiders, by those merchants from Clermont and Lyons who send their goods to our town. . . . They pay the *octroi*, for we shall not buy a single thing of them until the goods are safe inside the city gates.

Gradually the tax, which begins with boots, is extended to one article after another, till practically everything is taxed and the whole trade of Issoire is on an artificial basis. The only people who are really profiting by the arrangement are certain wealthy citizens; for the government is, in fact, robbing the poor in order to support the enterprises of the rich.

As a vehicle of instruction such a fable as this has a manifest value. We do not understand the real structure of the human body till the anatomist has dissected away the fair skin and rounded muscles and stripped to our view the gaunt skeleton and hideously grinning skull. In like manner President Jordan offers us an anatomy of protection. By reducing the problem to its simplest terms, he shows us the repulsive reality that our Congressional orators have been decking with fine phrases about the prosperity of the laboring man, luxuries for the wage-earner, and defence of the American home against the low standard of living that has made Europe a vast poorhouse. These noble sentiments disguise the crude fact that a body of predatory manufacturers—among whom, for example, ex-Representative Lucius N. Littauer, the glove-man, is a conspicuous offender—have been contriving a tariff that takes money from our pockets and puts it into theirs. After reading this book, no man who wishes to get at the fundamental theory of protection can plead ignorance.

Yet it is unhappily true that were ten million copies of this tract distributed among the voters, we might still make very little headway toward free trade; for the practical application of a very plain doctrine is attended by vast difficulties. It is easy to call protection theft; it is comparatively easy to make men of even ordinary capacity see at least the main fallacies of the vicious system; but the debates in Congress this last week show how much easier it is to appeal to prejudice and passion, and thus win support for this or that item which is logically and morally as indefensible as burglary. Intellectual belief that the tariff is iniquitous can never withstand the importunate assaults of the emotions. The one thing which bulks large in men's eyes, shutting everything else from view, is the certainty that unless they join the swine, biting, squealing, and trampling in the mire, they and their families must go naked and hungry. Can men be expected to show a stout heart in what appears a hopeless struggle in defence of an abstract theory the real bearings of which they but feebly apprehend?

Bartholomew de las Casas: His Life, His Apostolate, and His Writings. By Francis Augustus MacNutt. Pp. xxxviii+472. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1909. $3.50 net.

Mr. MacNutt's sumptuous edition of the "Letters of Cortes," which appeared last summer, has been followed by the present volume within the space of eight months. Doubtless, the author has been working at both books at the same time. This last, though shorter, is in one sense the more ambitious, for the major part (309 pages) consists, as the title implies, of an original biography, whereas, in the "Letters of Cortes," Mr. MacNutt's work was rather that of editor. Still he has not entirely refrained from the publication of sources in the present book, for the life of Las Casas is followed by an English translation of the most celebrated of all the "Apostle's" works—the short treatise, first published in Seville in 1552, under the title of "Brevissima Relacion de la Destruycion de las Indias," which is in effect a description and arraignment of the conduct of the Spaniards in America during the first half-century of their occupation. Not that the "Relacion" has lacked for earlier editions: upwards of two dozen (most of them English translations) appeared in different countries before the end of the seventeenth century, and were used with telling effect in the Protestant nations of Europe, to inculcate hatred and dread of Spain. The title of the English edition of 1689, "Casas's Horrid Massacres, Butcheries, and Cruelties that Hell and Malice Could Invent, Committed by the Spaniards in the West Indies," is significant; but it also shows, perhaps better than anything else, that there was plenty of room for a new and accurate translation, aimed at an exact rendering of the author's meaning, rather than an immediate political purpose. Such a translation, Mr. MacNutt has given and for it he deserves our thanks.

The more original part of Mr. MacNutt's volume affords less reason for congratulation. A sane and scholarly

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

biography of Las Casas was badly needed, for much new material has been discovered, and many old verdicts have been revised since the appearance of Sir Arthur Helps's life of the "Apostle of the Indies" more than forty years ago. But it is obvious from the very outset that Mr. MacNutt has neither the linguistic equipment nor historical background to enable him to take the best advantage of his opportunity. His "List of Authorities Consulted" reveals an ominously significant aversion to all books in German, and almost all books of any kind that have appeared within the last fifteen or twenty years. Armstrong's "Charles the Fifth," Zimmermann's "Kolonialpolitik Spaniens," Häbler's "Spanien unter den Hapsburgern," Lannoy and Van der Linden's "L'Expansion coloniale des peuples européens," and Bourne's "Spain in America" are some of the most striking omissions. The glowing but unconvincing description of Ximenes (pp. 75-7) is apparently based on three French biographies of the Cardinal, none of which is less than two hundred years old. The details of Las Casas's life Mr. MacNutt seems for the most part to know fairly thoroughly, but his attitude towards his hero, whom he frankly describes as "the noblest Spaniard who ever landed in the Western world," is far too favorable to inspire confidence in the impartiality of his judgments. So deeply is he impressed with the importance of emphasizing the greatness of the "Apostle's" efforts on behalf of the natives, that he falls into the grave error of judging the evils of the Spanish treatment of them solely from the words of their passionate advocate. "Las Casas," as one of the modern historians whom Mr. MacNutt has ignored, has rightly said, "was the Lloyd Garrison of Indian rights; but it is as one-sided to depict the Spanish Indian policy primarily from his pages, as it would be to write a history of the American negro question exclusively from the files of the *Liberator*; or, after a century of American rule in the Philippines, to judge it solely from the anti-Imperialist tracts of the last few years."

The book, like "The Letters of Cortes," is handsomely made and beautifully illustrated, though between them the author and publisher might have been expected to detect some of the more obvious misprints (*e. g.*, "Sergoria" and "Sergovia" for "Segovia," on p. 469). The portraits—including Charles V, Philip II, Adrian VI, Paul III, Ximenes, Columbus, Sepuloeda, the historian and rival of Las Casas, and others—are for the most part well selected, though it was a pity to choose the least admirable of the various Titian likenesses of the Emperor—namely, the Bologna portrait of 1530. Indeed, the book is in many ways so satisfactory that one lays it down with a distinct feeling of regret that lack of thorough and careful study has prevented it from being really good. We trust and believe that these defects may be remedied before the appearance of Mr. MacNutt's "Life of Cortes," now in preparation.

Science.

The Origin of Vertebrates. By Walter H. Gaskell, University lecturer on physiology, Cambridge, England. Pp. 537; 168 figures, many original and some colored. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $6 net.

It is significant and encouraging that, within fifty years after the publication of "The Origin of Species" there should appear a volume beginning: "It is no longer a debatable question whether or no evolution has taken place; . . . zoölogists desire now to find out how it has taken place." The "how" includes two categories of problems; viz., the nature and operation of the laws of heredity and variation, and the exemplification of those laws by given species or groups. Within either of the great sub-kingdoms, *e. g.*, the arthropods (insects, crustacea, etc.), or the vertebrates, there is such structural and developmental homogeneity that—given a fairly complete series of fossil remains—the determination of probable lines of descent usually seems only a question of moderate time. For example, the ancestry of the modern horse is generally accepted; frogs and toads were probably descended from salamander-like forms, and birds have been aptly characterized as "glorified reptiles."

But efforts to outline the derivation of the vertebrates themselves from any known arthropod types encounter not merely an obvious lack of correspondence in many details, but four more fundamental difficulties which may be stated briefly as follows:

(1.) Unlike the arthropod, the vertebrate has a body-axis, represented by the spine in the adult of higher forms, but in certain lower, and in the early stage of all, by a gelatinous rod, the notochord.

(2.) Unlike that of the vertebrate, the arthropod gullet passes through a ring formed by the brain in front, the first of the series of ganglia behind, and nerve-cords at either side.

(3.) Unlike that of the arthropod, the vertebrate central nervous system is tubular.

(4.) In the usual attitude of the vast majority of both groups, the central nervous system is above the alimentary canal and the heart below it in the vertebrate, while the arthropod central nervous system is below and the principal blood vessel above.

Undismayed by these contradictory conditions, during the last twenty years two men have devoted themselves largely to the exposition of the "ways and means" of the origin of vertebrates from an arthropod stock. In 1890 Prof. William Patten of Dartmouth published in the *Quarterly Journal of Microscopical Science* a paper entitled "On the Origin of Vertebrates from Arachnids," including under the last name not only spiders and scorpions, but shielded and crab-like extinct forms now represented only by the limulus, or king-crab. In that and in subsequent papers Patten points out the structural as well as external resemblances of these ancient arachnids to their contemporaries, the mailed and earliest known fishes, the very nature of which, in some cases, was for a time problematic. He calls attention to the fact that limulus and some other arthropods often swim upon their backs, thereby bringing their main organs into the position, relative to the supporting surface, which prevails among vertebrates. He also emphasizes the significance of certain cavities in the brain of some arthropods. By an interesting coincidence, immediately following Patten's paper in the *Journal* was one by Gaskell, "On the Origin of Vertebrates from a Crustacean-like Ancestor." In that, in later papers, and in the present volume, he enlarges upon the similarities of the mailed fishes to trilobites and their kindred, living and extinct, and extends his comparisons to the larval lamprey, which (p. 227) "gives more valuable information as to vertebrate ancestry than all the rest of the vertebrates put together."

Naturalists generally regard the resemblances above referred to as analogic and suggestive rather than homologic and conclusive, and are indisposed to recognize as connecting links between the arthropods and the vertebrates relatively specialized forms comparable with limulus and the mailed fishes. Upon this point, however, Patten and Gaskell constitute a united minority, and we may now consider the distinctive views of the latter. He rejects "inversion" as a basis of comparison between the two great groups, and maintains the validity of a theory formulated by him in 1887 and promulgated in the two following years, that the characteristic tubular constitution of the vertebrate central nervous system has resulted from the inclusion of the alimentary canal of the arthropod ancestors within its ganglionic chain, the longer and narrower portion becoming the central canal of the spinal cord and the shorter, wider portion the ventricles of the vertebrate brain. Gaskell's papers were evidently unknown to Patten when his earliest contribution to the subject was submitted, and Gaskell has frankly expressed his disappointment at the general indifference toward what Huxley hospitably greeted as an "earthquake hypothesis." He devotes to it the initial chapter of the present volume, and offers several diagrams (Figs.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

21, 160, 167), purporting to represent the stages of the engulfment of the arthropod alimentary canal by its nervous cord, and the concomitant evolution of a new alimentary canal for the ancestral vertebrate. Your reviewer appreciates the labor of gathering real or supposed facts from so many and varied sources, the zeal of argumentation, and the ingenuity of the original hypothesis, and is not—he hopes—influenced unduly by the lack of its public acceptance, so far as he is aware, by any competent morphologist, but he finds himself unable to characterize it in terms more fitting than those applied by its author to an idea that did not commend itself to him (p. 15): "It is not only unheard of in nature, but so improbable as to render impossible the theory which necessitates such a position." But whatever be the fate of its main thesis, Gaskell's book will stimulate research and discussion respecting an interesting and complex problem, and it may hasten the publication of the volume which Patten has long been preparing. It may also further a reaction from the extreme specialization that has been forced upon biologists by the prodigious accumulation of facts and elaboration of ideas during the last half-century. There may be devised a coöperative educational scheme that will qualify certain selected minds to deal effectively with large questions demanding intimate knowledge and impartial judgment respecting data derived from the structure, development, and geologic succession of forms supposed to represent the transition from invertebrates to vertebrates.

The illustrations of the present volume are numerous and clear, but not always accurate. Some appear to have been borrowed and even modified without specification. There should be a complete list, with acknowledgment of all sources. The admirable summaries of the several chapters deserve to be in larger type. The bibliography is so nearly complete that it is not easy to account for the omission of the title of Patten's critical letter in the *American Naturalist* for April, 1899. The printing is well done, and, especially considering the numerous technical terms, typographic errors are few. It would be interesting and instructive to ascertain how much space might have been saved had the oft-recurring terms "central nervous system" and "alimentary canal" been replaced by *neuron* and *enteron*, already familiar in the compound, neurenteric canal.

Among the books on science in the spring list of Cassell & Co. are the following: "The Nature Book," with an introduction on "The Love of Nature," by Walter Crane; "Gardening in the North," by S. Arnott and R. P. Brotherston; "Sweet Peas and How to Grow Them," by H. H. Thomas; "Live Stock," by Primrose McConnell; "Life Histories of Familiar Plants," by John J. Ward; "Little Gardens," by H. H. Thomas; "Cassell's A B C of Gardening," by Walter P. Wright; "Cassell's Cyclopedia of Mechanics," edited by Paul N. Hasluck; "The Handyman's Enquire Within," edited by Paul N. Hasluck; "Cassell's Household Cookery," by Lizzie Heritage; "Estimation of the Renal Function in Urinary Surgery," by J. W. Thomson Walker; "Structural Engineering," by Prof. A. W. Brightmore; "Outlines of Electrical Engineering," by Harold H. Simmons; "Elementary Dynamo Design," by W. B. Hird; "Popular Electricity," by W. Hibbert.

"The Baby: His Care and Training," by Marianna Wheeler, will be issued this spring by Harper & Bros.

Lieutenant Shackleton's exploit (see the *Nation* of April 1, p. 340) gives a special significance to the opening article of the *Annales de Géographie* for March on the Antarctic continent by M. Zimmermann. It is a résumé of the scientific results of the voyage of the Discovery and it closes with the enthusiastic statement that practically no work has been left for succeeding expeditions in that particular region except the collection of species of marine animals.

A work has been in serious demand when it reaches a seventh edition, which is the present status of Dr. C. W. Dulles's "Accidents and Emergencies" (Philadelphia: P. Blakiston's Son & Co.), noticed in these columns in former years. That demand was fully justified by the clear and sensible discussion of those unforeseen occurrences which we call accidents, and this fully illustrated issue has been enlarged and truly revised. Its most novel injunction is the treatment of general freezing by heat, not mere warmth, applied with vigor and care by the hot bath or dry. Of this the author seems assured, and he cites confirmatory experiments with animals. His well-known skepticism as to hydrophobia leads him to advise against resort to Pasteur Institutes, on account of bites by presumably rabid animals; but in all other respects the well-indexed little volume may be accepted as a trustworthy compendium of practical information.

Dr. Persifor Frazer, a handwriting expert, died at his home in Philadelphia April 7. He was born in that city in 1844, and was graduated from the University of Pennsylvania. He served in the army and navy during the war, and afterwards joined the faculty of his university, teaching chemistry and geology until 1882. He wrote various papers on these subjects, but his most important publication was his "Bibliotics" (3 eds., 1894-1901), which, in the opinion of Bertillon, was the first scientific treatise on handwriting.

Dr. Arthur Gamgee, a distinguished London physician, died in Paris, March 29, in his sixty-eighth year. He was educated at Edinburgh University, was professor of physiology in Owens College, professor of physiology at the Royal Institution of Great Britain, and was active in the investigation of physiological chemistry. He translated and edited Hermann's "Human Physiology" (1875), wrote a "Text-book of the Physiological Chemistry of the Animal Body," and contributed to scientific publications many papers on his specialty.

Drama.

HELENA MODJESKA.

Helena Modjeska, the Polish actress, died at Bay City, California, April 8, after an illness of about two months.

She was born in Cracow, in 1844, the daughter of Michael Oppido, a musician of fine cultivation, who had a large acquaintance among artists. Her early youth, therefore, was passed in a refined and inspiring intellectual atmosphere. Almost from the first she seems to have felt an impulse toward the stage. Two of her half-brothers became actors, and she wished to follow their example, but encountered strong opposition from her mother and her guardian—for her father had died while she was still a child. But when she was in her fifteenth year, the loss of family property forced her to earn her own living. Soon after her marriage to her guardian, Modrzejeweski, she turned to the theatre, appearing under the abbreviated name Modjeska. Her success was immediate, and her husband straightway organized a travelling company, with which she visited all the principal towns in Galicia. In 1862, while she was still in her 'teens, she secured an engagement for three months in the government theatre at Lemberg. After this she passed through a difficult period, but she continued to advance in reputation until she was encouraged to lease a theatre, on her own account, in Czernowice, where she played the heroines in various standard dramas, with her two half-brothers and a sister in her company. By 1865 she was so popular that she was engaged as leading lady for the theatre at Cracow, and thenceforth her triumph was assured.

Her fame soon extended beyond the confines of Poland; offers began to come to her from European managers; and then the younger Dumas invited her to go to Paris, and play the part of Marguerite Gautier in his "Dame aux camélias," a sufficient proof of the prominence to which she had attained. All these offers she steadily refused, in order to devote all her energies to the Polish stage. By this time she had become a widow, her first husband having been many years her senior, and, after a brief interval, she married the Count Bozenta, who was to be her devoted manager during the remainder of her public life. Leaving Cracow for Warsaw, she began a series of performances in prominent Polish plays, and in the masterpieces of Shakespeare, Goethe, Schiller, and Molière, displaying notable versatility. There she remained for seven years, during which she played in nearly three hundred parts, with increasing fame. It was as Adrienne Lecouvreur, that she then achieved her greatest reputation.

But her husband incurred the ani-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

mosity of the authorities on account of his political writings, and she herself incurred their ill will by resisting to the uttermost the Russian censorship of the Polish theatre. In course of time her health began to give way beneath the pressure of these worries, and in 1876 she resolved to emigrate to America, where she finally settled on a ranch near Los Angeles, hoping to found in that neighborhood a Polish colony. A year later she visited San Francisco, where, having won high praise by recitations in Polish, she began to study English, with the view of acting upon the American stage. In this enterprise she was encouraged by Edwin Booth, John McCullough, and others, and in due course she made her first appearance in California, as Adrienne Lecouvreur. This was the beginning of her successful American career which was to endure, with but brief interruptions, for thirty years. After a tour of the United States she recrossed the Atlantic to play two engagements in London —where she was hailed as one of the greatest actresses of her day—and also to try her fortunes once more in Poland. But soon she found herself excluded, by official decree, from Russian territory, and thereafter practically all her professional work was done in this country. In 1905 she bade farewell to the New York stage. Since then she had appeared in different parts of the country, but of late she had spent most of her time on her California ranch.

She was generally acknowledged to be one of the most gifted performers of her generation. In her prime her personal fascination was of an exceedingly rare kind. Her tall figure was singularly graceful, her face, though not of classic beauty, was wonderfully attractive in its intellectual charm and eloquent mobility, while her gestures were full of animation and significance. Her range of emotional expression was very wide. She could give full utterance to stormy emotion, maintain herself on the heights of tragic dignity, or relax in the gayest mood of refined comedy. All her work was distinguished by exquisite finesse. Her Adrienne Lecouvreur was a magnificent performance, glowing in its sentiment, superb in its scorn, most pitiful in its pathos. As the unfortunate Mary Stuart she presented a moving study of gracious womanhood and broken majesty. Her Juliet was bewitching in the early love scenes and finely tragic in its despair, although in the potion speech she could not attain to the frenzied horror of Adelaide Neilson or Stella Colas. Her Rosalind was more nearly the realized ideal of Shakespeare's delightful heroine than any interpretation known to modern playgoers. Her embodiment breathed the very spirit of romance and the woods. It had just the right touch of masculinity in the masquerade, and yet was irresistibly and indisputably feminine. It had the air of high-breeding, it had buoyancy, courage, tenderness, wit, and grace. Henrietta Crosman comes, perhaps, the next in order, but her Rosalind is of less ethereal and poetic texture. Another exquisite embodiment of Madame Modjeska was her Ophelia, which might well be compared with that of Ellen Terry. She played this part on the memorable occasion of the benefit for Lester Wallack; and Edwin Booth, the Hamlet, had to act his best to save himself from eclipse. In England she created a sensation with her Odette, and her admirable work in "Frou-Frou" and "Camille." Her Magda also was eloquent in its pride, its fierce contempt, and its despair. But it was not in the modern emotional drama or in such sensational pieces as "Les Chouans" that her best powers were revealed. These found their full scope only in the higher regions of the poetic drama. She was in later days the sole representative of such Shakespearean women as Imogen and Isabella, and she was the last notable interpreter of Lady Macbeth, although that was not to be accounted among her greatest achievements. Nor must her Viola be forgotten, a delightful bit of true Shakespearean comedy. Shakespeare was always her chief delight.

OUR FOREIGN AND NATIVE ACTORS

The death of Helena Modjeska may be said to mark the end of a theatrical era. She was the last surviving member of the group of great players of foreign nationality and training who repeated here in English the triumphs which they won originally in their native tongues. Prominent among them were Adelaide Ristori, Fanny Janauschek, Daniel E. Bandmann, and Charles Fechter. Tommaso Salvini, who, happily, still lives in retirement, may be added, perhaps, to the company, for although he never ventured himself to act in any language but Italian, he played habitually in this country with English-speaking support, and so great was his genius that it suffered comparatively little from that polyglot arrangement. Among their illustrious contemporaries, who contributed to the glories of the American stage, but adhered to their native speech, may be mentioned Bogumil Dawison, Seebach, Rossi, Sonnenthal, Ludwig Barnay, Frederick Haase, and Constant Coquelin—all of whom have joined the great majority—Sarah Bernhardt—who may or who may not be seen here again—and Eleonora Duse.

All these performers, and the list might be increased, have acted in this country during the last forty years, and it may be interesting to glance for a moment at the sum of their artistic achievement, as compared with that of their English-speaking contemporaries on both sides of the Atlantic. Such a comparison cannot be made very flattering to the Anglo-Saxon theatre. What players of the first rank—not to insist too particularly upon the word "great"—has it produced since Macready, Phelps, Charles Kean, Edwin Forrest, E. L. Davenport, J. W. Wallack, and Charlotte Cushman, ended their careers? The question, it must be remembered, relates only to interpreters of the higher drama, the drama that demands imagination, brains, eloquence, and artistic cultivation. Two or three names suggest themselves instantly. Among them are those of Edwin Booth, Henry Irving, and Ellen Terry. Next in order—but on a distinctly lower level—come Lawrence Barrett, John McCullough, and Richard Mansfield. Of these, all but one are already dead. Their most promising successors are Robert Mantell, E. H. Sothern, Julia Marlowe, Forbes Robertson, Oscar Asche, Arthur Bourchier, and Beerbohm Tree, and of these all except Oscar Asche have already reached their meridian. Of competent performers in the modern drama —except when it partakes of the romantic—there are many, but their art is lower in degree, although some of them are eminent in their specialties.

If the actor be judged by his identification with the most notable characters in the imaginative drama, Edwin Booth is the greatest English-speaking actor of his period. In Hamlet, Lear, Shylock, and Macbeth, as well as in such romantic characters as Richelieu and Bertuccio, he attained heights that none of his rivals could approach. Henry Irving, at least his equal in romance and his superior in comedy, was, in tragedy, his inferior. Ellen Terry was supreme in the brilliant comedy of Portia and Beatrice and in the pathos of Ophelia. She was out of her depth in Lady Macbeth, or even in Juliet. John McCullough's highest achievement was his Virginius, though he had inspired moments in Othello and Lear. Barrett was sound and able in many characters, great in none. Mr. Robertson is the most eloquent, intellectual, and attractive of living Hamlets, but it would be absurd to compare his impersonation with Booth's.

None of the other English players mentioned has accomplished anything very significant. None of them certainly has done anything comparable with the Othello of Salvini, or—with the single exception of Mr. Booth—anything to equal certain passages in the Lear and Macbeth of the Italian actor, who, in grandeur of passion and pure pathos, was without a peer. In his own peculiar characters, Niger, Saul, Samson, and Conrad, for instance, he defied rivalry. Ristori's Lady Macbeth, whether in Italian or in English, was probably the greatest, after that of Sarah Siddons, while her Elizabeth, Marie Stuart, Phèdre, and Medea were ac-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

knowledged masterpieces. But in three at least of these great parts—Medea, Marie Stuart, and Lady Macbeth—she was closely pressed by the Bohemian actress, Fanny Janauschek, who scored yet greater triumphs in the heroic character of Brünnhilde, not to speak of her Deborah and her facile descent to Lady Dedlock and the maid Hortense. Of Modjeska's place we have already spoken. Charles Fechter, upon whom fell the mantle of Lemaître, exhibited the art of romantic acting in its best estate, and furnished a wonderfully picturesque and fascinating Hamlet, which delighted the modern, but enraged conservative critics. In its prime his Dane was as popular as that of Irving or Booth, and gave more of the lover and prince than either. The gifted but unmanageable Bandmann was excelled in Shylock by Booth alone; and the Italian Rossi played Romeo with a passionate ardor and a tragic intensity that had almost the force of revelation.

It would be easy to multiply examples of the invaluable work done on the stage here and in England by foreign-born actors, in preserving high artistic standards which otherwise might have disappeared. Nothing has been said of the tragic triumphs of Bernhardt, Duse, or Mounet-Sully, of Seebach, Sonnenthal, Barnay, Frederick Haase, and others. Nor is it necessary. Enough evidence has been adduced to show that, during the last generation, actors of foreign origin have been among the most faithful and potent illustrators of that noble dramatic literature which is the priceless heritage of the English race. For the greater part of the third of a century there has been but one native American tragedian of the first rank, Edwin Booth, to maintain the credit of his country's stage. And he has left no visible successor. The fact is indisputable and humiliating, but by no means inexplicable. Foreign nations have no monopoly of histrionic genius. But they do have permanent stock companies—the only practical schools of acting—free and severe competition, and a certain amount of enlightened management. These are points on which we have frequently dwelt; but we cannot emphasize the idea too often. The foreign actors have opportunities of development which ours do not possess. Here there are no stock companies, no competition, very little enlightened direction, and, consequently, no great players. And, unfortunately, conditions in England do not appear to be much better.

"Ernst von Wildenbruch: Ernstes und Heiteres aus seinem Leben," by Dora Duncker (Berlin: Hermann Paetel), conveys a very favorable impression of the circumstances under which the lately deceased German dramatist grew up. The book also shows the obstacles and bitter disappointment he experienced along with his literary successes. Wildenbruch's father was a diplomat, and the boy's earlier days were passed in Beirut, Athens, and Constantinople. There he felt not only the influence of the classical environment, and the charms of nature, but met persons of distinction. In course of time he became familiar with mediæval Germany; and he was long identified with Berlin, sent there as a school boy, later a bureaucrat, and passing his declining days between the Tiergarten and a summer home he had built at Weimar. Wildenbruch was also a soldier, active in the campaigns of 1866 and 1871. All his works contain evidence of these varied experiences; and yet these favoring conditions did not prevent such failures in dramatic essay that Wildenbruch more than once declared he would never write another play. Love for the work, however, and confidence in what he was undertaking, led him ultimately to success, particularly in his "Rabensteinerin," which promises to become a popular German classic.

"The Happy Marriage," the latest play by Clyde Fitch, which was produced with a fair measure of success in the Garrick Theatre Monday evening, is more nearly allied to theatrical farce than true comedy. It is superior in character and purpose to many of Mr. Fitch's later productions, although by no means free from characteristic defects. Starting from inadmissible premises, and proceeding through unnatural, if frequently humorous, developments, it finally reaches an effective and wholesome ending. Briefly, the story is of a silly, sentimental, jealous, but not essentially disloyal wife, who, in a fit of pique over her husband's apparent neglect and faithlessness, listens to the traitorous advances of a rascally young lawyer and agrees to elope with him. As a matter of fact she does actually desert her home to join him at his office. There, through the agency of a fond old nurse, she is confronted by her husband, whose manliness of conduct and tender consideration for her welfare—in vivid contrast with the selfish conduct of her favored lover—convince her of her folly, arouse all her better instincts, and lead to what promises to be a permanent reconciliation. In original design the piece is good, but in execution it is often insincere and tricky. Human nature is sacrificed throughout upon the altar of theatrical effect. The conduct of both husband and wife is inconsistent. Neither of them—being what they are represented to be—could be guilty of the behavior attributed to them. In order to "save her face" the wife is endowed with an ignorance and simplicity wholly inconceivable in a married woman of her experience. Thus the first two preliminary acts, though full of Mr. Fitch's habitual cleverness and sufficiently amusing, have no real illusion. But the third act is better and stronger in every way and has genuine dramatic fibre in it, though it puts the husband upon a pinnacle where he does not properly belong. The matrimonial philosophy which it enforces is undeniably sound, if not especially new. The performance is respectable, but not brilliant.

"The House Next Door," an adaptation from the German by the English dramatist, J. Hartley Manners, which is now running, with good prospects of success, in the Gaiety Theatre, is a product of the Semitic question which has so long been vexing Europe, and is written mainly from the Hebrew point of view. The children of two families—the one headed by an immensely wealthy and remarkably broad-minded Jew, and the other by a ridiculous old Gentile bigot, the incarnation of rabid prejudice—fall in love with each other. Their union is opposed by both parents, but the Jew soon relents, even after enduring the grossest insult, and finally the hard heart of his Gentile enemy is softened by his magnanimity, and all ends happily. As drama, the piece is almost entirely worthless, being a wholly theatrical and artificial bit of special pleading, with only an occasional faint reflection of actual life. But the sentiment at the bottom is sound enough, and the play is frequently amusing. The piece is welcome, if only for its reintroduction of that accomplished comedian, J. E. Dodson. His impersonation of the irascible and bigoted old Gentile, is a fine example of highly finished eccentric acting. The dry humor of it is admirable, and its elocution perfect. It is a treat in these days to hear English spoken with such clarity, point, and crispness.

Gerald Lawrence and Miss Fay Davis have just begun their six weeks' Shakespearean season at the London Court Theatre. The plays selected for presentation are "As You Like It," "Romeo and Juliet," "The Merchant of Venice," "Twelfth Night," "Hamlet," and "Much Ado About Nothing." These are to be given without scenery, the stage being draped with tapestries.

Arthur William Gregory, an actor, died April 10 at East Orange, N. J., at the age of sixty-three. Early in his career Mr. Gregory, a native of England, took parts of importance in casts with Edwin Forrest, Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, Joseph Jefferson, the elder Sothern, William Florence, Charlotte Cushman, and other noted actors. For many years he was stage manager for Daniel Frohman.

Music.

Analysis of the Evolution of Musical Form. By Margaret H. Glyn. Longmans, Green & Co. $3.50 net.

It cannot be said that this is an entertaining book, or one in which it is easy to follow the author's course of reasoning at all points. She indulges in an abstruse style of ratiocination which requires pages to explain what a more concrete and imaginative writer would more fully elucidate in as many paragraphs. Yet it is a stimulating and instructive book, which must be commended not only to students—and experts—in musical theory and history, but to composers as well. One may not agree with the author that "the educational need of the day is for a truthful intellectual presentment of the growth of musical form"; but we must concede that her book goes far toward supplying

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

such a need, so far as it exists. Its chief value lies in the application of the comparative method. Musical evolution in Europe is contrasted with what we know of the development and present condition of the art in Oriental countries, and in this way new light is thrown on various disputed problems. The writer is not afraid to question generally accepted doctrines, such as the belief that harmony had its origin in the "organum" of the eighth century—an evolutionary stage which can be studied among the Andaman Islanders of our time who sing in three parts, the parts rising and falling simultaneously in consecutive fourths and fifths.

When a European or American travels in the East he speaks derisively of the chaotic and cacophonous music he hears. A perusal of these pages will convince such a person that in assuming this attitude he places himself in the position of an unmusical or semi-musical person who sneers at Beethoven or Wagner, whom he does not understand. It is true that the Orient knows not our harmonies, or even our keys and our tonality; but it has a bewildering variety of subtle details of melody that atone for these deficiencies. To understand these, we lack the Asiatic's "microtonal" instinct; that is, the faculty of distinguishing and relishing intervals smaller than semi-tones. Not a few European composers and theorists, among them Saint-Saëns, have held that the next step in our music will be the adoption of such microtones—say, quarter tones; and the East can show us the way. In rhythmic variety, too, the Orientals can teach us much, as well as in irregular, poignant accentuation. On this point Liszt wrote eloquently in his book on Hungarian gypsies; but our author, being an Englishwoman, of course does not mention him, ignorance of Liszt being in England an essential of good breeding.

The Hindu is much more emotional than the Englishman who rules over him, and his microtonal instinct makes him susceptible to delicate and subtle inflections of pitch to which the foreign invader is deaf. The Hindu is also, in his way, "a more thorough theorist than the European musician." Of British music our author speaks with contempt. The English musician, she informs her readers, "is still in the pre-Darwinian stage." "Vulgarity in music," she says on another page, "is invariably a sign of rhythmic degeneration, and to this cause must be assigned the present condition of English popular music." There is "some music that is attractive to everybody"; but, generally speaking, music is now in the position of literature at the time when a book was as completely a sealed thing to the people as a score is nowadays.

It will be seen from foregoing remarks that the author uses the words "musical form" in the widest sense, including the most elementary tonal crystallization. She proceeds to consider the evolution of the scale, of harmony, tonality, counterpoint, phrase and stanza, imitation, the cycle, and the continuous style, which was one of Wagner's contributions to musical evolution. On all these subjects she offers suggestive views, not infrequently so novel that they involve the coining of new words; but there is a glossary which explains them; and there is also an appendix with many illustrations in musical type. Not a few of her statements might be disputed, notably this, that "if we admit poetry as the equal partner of music, good results of the combination may be obtained, but the finest in music will not be reached"—an assertion contradicted by hundreds of songs and the best scenes in Wagner's operas.

In anticipation of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Richard Wagner, May 22, 1913, the different houses which publish his writings have united to issue a cheap edition of his operas. The first part will appear on Wagner's birthday this year.

Jaroslaw de Zielinski is preparing a condensed English version of Hoesick's life of Chopin, the first two volumes of which appeared in Polish in 1904. Hoesick sides with those who give February 22, 1810, as the date of Chopin's birth.

Last season Wagner was losing ground at the Metropolitan Opera House. This season he not only recovered the lost ground, but went ahead of the other favorites; his operas were sung 34 times, while Puccini, who came next, had 26 performances, and Verdi 24. The most encouraging thing about this progress is that it came about although the Wagner casts were not so great as in some past seasons; but Mr. Dippel effected such remarkable improvements in the orchestra, chorus, and stage management that the public crowded to these performances (including five of "Parsifal") as in the golden age of German opera. Altogether, there were 73 representations of operas by Italian composers, 45 of German, and 19 of French. A notable success was the Bohemian opera, "The Bartered Bride," which was sung six times, and will be heard once more, on April 23, when the company returns from its Western tour, for the benefit of the Legal Aid Society. The other three novelties—"Tiefland," "Le Villi," and "La Wally"—are not likely to be in next year's repertory. Five other novelties had been promised, but while the scenery for them was at hand, the lack of time for rehearsing made it necessary to defer their production. This lack of time was due largely to the appearance of the company not only in Brooklyn and Philadelphia, but in Baltimore and Washington. The retirement of Sembrich and Eames will be felt as a serious disadvantage next season; but Nordica has been engaged and there is talk also of inducing Calvé to come back. The general manager imported from Milan has discovered that what fills an opera house in New York is stars and star casts. Caruso did not sing during the last four weeks of the season except twice. He will have to rest till the autumn. Should the impairment of his voice prove permanent, it would be a grievous disaster to Italian opera.

Oscar Hammerstein at the Manhattan gives no operas in German, and the most popular of his productions this season was Richard Strauss's "Salome" in French; it was given ten times. Of four operas that were presented seven times each, one "Les Contes d'Hoffmann," was by a German; one, "Lucia," by an Italian; two, "Le Jongleur de Notre Dame," and "Thaïs," by Frenchmen. Two of last year's successes, Debussy's "Pelléas et Mélisande" and Charpentier's "Louise," did not hold their own. A gratifying incident was the successful revival of Verdi's "Otello"; another, the equally successful production of "Samson et Dalila," by Saint-Saëns, whose operas have been too much neglected in this country. "Don Giovanni" was not given, but a brilliant revival of it is to open the next season. The number of performances at the Manhattan was 116; at the Metropolitan, 143; total, 259. And this will be greatly exceeded next time.

Three American composers will conduct their own works at the concert arranged by David Bispham for the American Music Society at Carnegie Hall, Sunday afternoon, April 18. They are: Arthur Bergh, whose musical setting of Poe's "Raven" will accompany Mr. Bispham's recitation of the poem; Arthur Farwell, whose "Dawn," a phantasy for orchestra, will have its first New York hearing; and George W. Chadwick, who will conduct for the baritone ballad, "Lochinvar," which Mr. Bispham will sing. Franz X. Arens will conduct the People's Symphony Orchestra in two numbers, the prelude to "The Hamadryad," by William J. McCoy, and "Creole Days," by Harry Rowe Shelley. Miss Augusta Cottlow will play Edward MacDowell's concerto in D minor, opus 23. The concert in its entirety promises to be one of the most interesting of the entire season.

Art.

Legend in Japanese Art: A Description of Historical Episodes, Legendary Characters, Folk-lore, Myths, Religious Symbolism, Illustrated in the Arts of Old Japan, by Henri L. Joly; with upwards of 700 illustrations, including 16 full-page reproductions in color. New York: John Lane Co. $25 net.

Japanese Sword Guards. By Okabe-Kakuya, in coöperation with the Department of Chinese and Japanese Art. Boston: Published by the Museum of Fine Arts. $1.25.

Japanese Wood Engravings: Their History, Technique, and Characteristics. By William Anderson. London: Seeley & Co. 75 cents net.

In "Legend in Japanese Art" the delight of a collection of poems, of an anthology, and also of a collection of paintings, is all to be had in the form

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of an encyclopædia. That such a difficult and beautiful enterprise might be carried out differently, and perhaps more successfully, is possible, but only at the risk of making a still larger collection, when this one is almost too bulky for convenience. This book, then, is, for the average Japonizer, a gift of importance. Japanese and Chinese art are, like all others, based on history, legend, religion. With the Japanese, all representations of story and of nature connect with the immeasurable past. We cannot think of Hokusai, for instance, without it. The work of art, then, is a variation upon a theme already accepted; the artist has already met his public half-way. The pages of this book give us stories of delicious folk-lore and fairy tales, and stories from the shadowy borders of ghostland. Our own art has been thin in helping our childhood; but this volume indicates the richness of information on which the Oriental mind feeds. There is no endeavor to deal with art as such, but merely with the themes illustrated; yet the book will be a treasure-house for any artist sensitive to the rendering of these subjects as subjects, to the principles of their design, and the wonderful skill of their making.

The second book on our list is a catalogue of a special exhibition of Japanese sword guards, or *tsuba*. With the catalogue goes an account of the principal schools and the makers, with illustrations, classified and explanatory. The author was assistant professor of metal work at the Imperial School of Tokio, under the late Kano-Natsuo, one of the most noted metal artists of recent times; in 1899 he wrote a series of articles on metal work based on the material in the Nippon-Bijitsuin, and for three years he has been in charge of the metal work of the Boston Museum, studying, cataloguing, and putting articles in good condition. The *tsuba*, from various sources, comprise more than 1,200 examples; and our authors give us lists of all the artists who worked on these fragments of the sword, with an account of their schools and their characters. The work may be taken as a supplement to the "Japanese Legends in Art," before noticed, wherein many sword guards are displayed with an account of their meaning and story. Here also, with the lists of names, such explanations are given as are necessary to acquaint us with their place in Japanese history and legend. Thus these sword guards become for us important documents in the story of a civilization. The sword has from the most remote past and among many peoples been a sacred image of power and arbitrament by force, of honor and duty. Never, however, has the worship of the sword gone as far as with the Japanese. At a time coeval with our middle ages, the Samurai, the nobles of Japan, embodied this symbolism in their supreme code:

> The steel taught them the virtue of that self-control which calmly prepares for a mighty struggle. In the unclouded face of the crystalline blade they beheld mirrored the purity and chastity inseparable from true loyalty. The most precious dowry a bride could bring to a Samurai was the honored sword of her ancestors, while many an old Japanese drama is based on the quest and recovery of some lost flame. The sword was part of the Samurai's own personality. Of course (as we would ourselves) people judged his character from that of his weapon.

Thus we follow the evolution of the sword as the feudal and Zen notions gain more and more power, and then as they decline under the stress of modern civilization. Along with these symbolical matters runs a history of the decoration and make-up of the sword, with numerous details to guide the expert and the amateur art student.

"Japanese Wood Engravings" is a pocket edition of the well-known book by the late Dr. William Anderson, best known for his "Historical and Descriptive Catalogue of the Japanese and Chinese Books in the British Museum," which Mr. Joly, in the preface to the great work of his above noticed, characterizes as "an inexhaustible mine of information, not only upon schools of painting and their representatives in the collection, but also upon the subjects treated by the artists." Most of the illustrations of the present work are taken from examples in Dr. Anderson's collection in the British Museum. The larger edition of the book, belonging to the Portfolio Monographs, is naturally a little handsomer, but the loss from reducing the pictures to pocket size is less than might be expected, and there is now no excuse for the poorest amateur's remaining ignorant of the successive developments of that Japanese form of art, which has taken hold of us, amused us, taught us refinement to the point of surprise. It is unnecessary to go through the various schools here catalogued. To-day a part of the older work is occasionally almost rivalled, but the modern necessities of commercial life threaten the only thing which is of value in a work of art, that it should be impossible to duplicate. The learned writer takes a dismal view of the future and predicts "the extinction of an art industry to which Japan owes so much; but the end is inevitable."

Cassell & Co. will publish this spring: "Cassell's Royal Academy Pictures and Sculpture, 1909"; and "Cassell's House Decoration," edited by Paul N. Hasluck.

The Clarendon Press (Henry Frowde) has issued a very interesting volume, "Historical Portraits: Richard II to Henry Wriothesley, 1400-1600," the lives by C. R. L. Fletcher, formerly fellow of All Souls and Magdalen Colleges; the portraits chosen by Emery Walker, fellow of the Society of Antiquaries; with an introduction on the history of portraiture in England. The plan is for a series, coming down to the middle of the nineteenth century. This volume, like all previous works of the kind, begins with Richard II, for the sufficient reason that portrait-painting was practically unknown in England before the opening of the fifteenth century. It is interesting here to trace the development of the art, from faces that to our eyes seem conventional and without much individuality, down to Holbein, who is the dominant artist of the collection. His hand or his influence is marked by many portraits, starting with that of Henry VIII. Many of these pictures are, of course, familiar to visitors at the National Portrait Gallery in London and other important English collections. The reproductions in photogravure are well printed in dark brown ink. The lives are brief but sufficient.

Lionello Venturi's "Origini della Pittura Veneziana (1300-1500)" was reviewed in the *Nation* of October 10, 1907, p. 335. The title-page bore the true but misleading statement that the work had received a prize from the Royal Venetian Institute of Arts and Letters. It received as a matter of fact the second prize, and now we have the first prize essay, "Storia della Pittura Veneziana," Part I, "Le Origini," by Nicola Testi (Bergamo: Istituto Italiano d'Arti Grafiche, 30 lire). The affair must have been irritating to Signor Testi, and one can hardly blame him for directing a running fire from his foot-notes against Signor Venturi's volume. But one feels, too, that, as is often the case, the man in the right is the real sufferer from the controversy. Signor Testi has merely burdened his already laborious treatise with superfluous controversy. His book is in every way a contrast to its rival. Venturi's work was virtually a big essay, very readable and useful as such, dealing only with main issues. Testi's single volume, though of equal bulk, covers half the ground of Venturi's, treating exhaustively the whole history of graphic design in the Veneto. Mosaics and miniatures are constantly considered, as well as the relevant bits of sculpture. Of course, Signor Testi's method is the more truly scientific, but this very thoroughness takes it out of the class of books possible for the general reader. It is a great storehouse of facts, and presents in tolerable reproductions many pictures unknown to art history. Students will doubtless find it a happy hunting ground, and to them we must leave it, merely observing that Signor Testi seems to us to have established his main thesis, namely: that the Gothic-Byzantine style at Venice was not one of decadence, but of progress towards more veracious and vivacious methods of composition and draughtsmanship. This rather surprising view he draws from his study of the mosaics.

Prof. Karl Frey of the University of Berlin has published a German edition of the letters of Michael Angelo, "Die Briefe des Michelagniolo Buonarroti" (Berlin: Julius Bard). The letters are arranged chronologically, and an appendix contains copious notes, selections from the poetry of the artist, and letters addressed to him. This volume will be valuable for everybody in-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

terested in the civilization of the renaissance, for not only does it afford an insight into the inner life of the artist, but it also gives a faithful picture of his surroundings. The language of the translation is very readable—an advantage that merits special mention, considering the difficulties of Michael Angelo's Italian.

A second and enlarged edition of Herrmann Muthesius's "Das englische Haus" (three vols. Berlin: Wasmuth Co.) has just left the press. This work is one of the most comprehensive historical and descriptive accounts of the English house.

Among the exhibitions in the dealers' galleries in this city are paintings by A. Walkowitz at Haas's, till April 17; portraits of old masters, Ehrich's, April 19; paintings of eastern Oregon, Childe Hassam, April 21; and engravings after Watteau, Lancret, Pater, Chardin, Boucher, Van Loo, Fragonard, and other artists of the eighteenth century in France, Frederick Keppel & Co.'s, May 4.

The fifteenth annual architectural exhibition of the T Square Club and the Philadelphia Chapter of the American Institute of Architects opens at the galleries of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts April 17.

From Meulan comes the report of the death of Victor Vignon, the French landscape painter, at the age of sixty-one. He exhibited at the Salon of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts.

Anton Hess, professor of plastic art at the Technical Highschool of Munich, has died at the age of seventy. He was himself a sculptor of note, and executed statues for the Rathaus and other public buildings.

The death is reported of the well-known picture restorer, Alois Hauser of Berlin, in his seventy-ninth year.

Finance.

SPECULATION IN HARD TIMES.

The recent outburst of excited speculation for the rise on the Stock Exchange points again to the oddity of a phenomenon with which our people became familiar in 1908. It is not wholly unusual, when finance and industry have reached the low level of after-panic reaction and are gradually rising to normal, for the incidental recovery in prices to be rapid for a time; and such recovery would naturally be attended by speculative operations for the rise. It is not even unprecedented for speculators just emerged from a serious panic to make up their minds that nothing of consequence has happened, and that good times are immediately ahead. Such illusions were indulged in even in the year following the panic of 1873, which tradition pictures as a period of profound depression. But speculative activities such as were witnessed in 1908, and have been witnessed this month, are not in line with precedent.

In the case of the present Stock Exchange "boom," the first abnormal fact to notice is that the rise began with prices for many active stocks already back at the ante-panic level. Furthermore, it is not unfair to say that definite belief in, or anticipation of, immediate industrial improvement, has played little part. In last year's markets, such faith appeared to exist. Taking its cue, perhaps, from the remarkable Prosperity League, the Stock Exchange asserted in the series of "bull markets" of 1908, and got itself to believe, that hard times were actually over. In the active speculation of last spring, the arrival of large numbers of buyers in the dry goods trade, in response to the cut in prices at the mills, was taken as visible evidence of a returning "boom." In the summer, another similar speculation was based on definite assertions from the Middle West that the prospect of a good harvest had started up the mills and caused reëmployment of 17,000 idle laborers. A third demonstration, in November, was plainly based on the inference that, since election of the Presidential candidate favored in financial circles had, in 1900, been followed by great prosperity, therefore results would be similar in 1908. It has not been easy, however, to discover such a process of inference on the present occasion. The signs of trade reaction have been too plainly in view, since the steel market's artificially-held prices gave way in February, to make possible any illusions, such as those of a year ago, to the effect that the "boom times of 1906" were about to be reproduced. Actual events, including the tariff controversy, have been of a kind to inspire hesitation rather than enthusiasm. Nevertheless, prices for many stocks have not only risen substantially, but have actually—as in the case of United States Steel shares—gone above the highest price in such prosperous periods as 1905 and 1906.

How is a movement of this sort, under such conditions, to be explained? A common explanation is that industrial reaction has released great sums of actual money from the channels of trade; that this money, accumulating in New York bank reserves, in the form of an abnormally large surplus, has brought money rates to an extremely low figure, and has thus afforded unusual facilities to speculative borrowers. Such a condition certainly does exist; but it existed also in 1894, when the New York surplus bank reserve rose to $111,000,000, as against a maximum of $59,200,000 last year. Yet 1894 was marked on the Stock Exchange by inertia, depression, and liquidation. Furthermore, at the present moment and for similar reasons, the great European banks are making a showing quite as remarkable as New York's, and money rates on the European markets are quite as low; yet no such speculation for the rise is seen on the other side of the Atlantic. And if, in fact, it were to be conceded that low money rates must, *ipso facto*, bring about high prices for speculative stocks, then the converse should logically be true, and the high money rates of an era of real trade activity should produce a falling stock market. But every one knows that nothing of the sort happens. If it did, then the Stock Exchange would certainly have to abdicate its office as the index and prophet of real industrial conditions.

The problem, from an economic point of view, is puzzling. What the phenomena of the day appear to indicate rather clearly is, that sums of capital, quite without precedent in the history of markets, are used in this country for stock speculation pure and simple. Something of the sort was visible in Jay Gould's time; but Gould and his confederates were rarely able to make headway on the stock market when actual conditions pointed the other way. There must, then, be some other underlying difference, economic or psychological. In both regards, there are certain peculiarities of the present period which explain, even if they do not justify, the singular position of the markets. One is, that the American people as a whole have not been reduced to poverty or forced into close retrenchment, as happened after all our former panics. The prosperity of our agricultural section, as compared with these former periods, is one patent illustration. Evidently, also, the appetite for speculation, in the American community, has not been destroyed by the lesson of 1907. Whether this is or is not a wholesome sign, and exactly what are the probable consequences, are other questions.

"The Meaning of Money," by Hartley Withers (London: Smith, Elder & Co.), is a simple account, in non-technical language, of the modern mechanism of exchange. From metallic money, the author passes to such subjects as bills of exchange, checks, banknotes, the clearing system, foreign exchange, commercial banking, and the money market. Designed for English readers, the volume considers chiefly the English money market, but pays due attention to the various elements affecting the world's exchanges. As a compendium for people untrained in the intricacies of finance, the book merits hearty commendation. Its explanations are clear, its illustrations striking, and its underlying theory extremely sound and sensible. The author's views concerning the gold reserves of Great Britain and the best method of increasing them are worthy of the careful consideration of economists and financiers. American readers may well take to heart the concluding chapter, upon "Other Reserves," in which Mr. Withers emphasizes the fact that a high cash reserve is of little avail unless the other assets are such as to command confidence, and that this "confidence" is a "psychological reserve."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

depending upon the character of bankers. "Control of a chain of banks," he remarks, "by a gambling group, and the use of the banks' credit to further the group's gambling," is a poor basis upon which to build a "psychological reserve." We wonder what country and what particular city our author could have had in mind.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Alden, Raymond Macdonald. An Introduction to Poetry. For Students of English Literature. Henry Holt. $1.25.

Bainbridge, William Seaman. Life's Day: Guide-Posts and Danger-Signals in Health. Frederick A. Stokes.

Batson, Mrs. Stephen. The Summer Garden of Pleasure. Chicago: A. C. McClurg.

Beary, Harriet R. The Individual Development of Man. Hartman Publishing House. $1.

Betz, Frederick. Till Eulenspiegels Lustige Streiche. Boston: D. C. Heath. 30 cents.

Brant, John Ira. The New Régime, A. D. 2202. Cochrane Publishing Co. $1.

Bryan, J. Ingram. The Feeling for Nature in English Pastoral Poetry. Tokio: Kyo-Bun-Kwan.

Browning, Robert. Rabbi Ben Ezra. Portland, Me.: Thomas B. Mosher. $1 net.

Carson, Blanche Mabury. From Cairo to the Cataract. Boston: L. C. Page.

Carus, Paul. The Foundations of Mathematics. Chicago: Open Court Publishing Co.

Conger, Sarah Pike. Letters from China: with Particular Reference to the Empress Dowager and the Women of China. Chicago: A. C. McClurg. $2.75 net.

Curwood, James Oliver. The Great Lakes: The Vessels That Plough Them; Their Owners; Their Sailors, and Their Cargoes. Putnam. $3.50 net.

Cust, Mrs. Henry. Gentlemen Errant. Dutton. $4 net.

De Tocqueville's Voyage en Amérique. Edited by R. Clyde Ford. Boston: D. C. Heath. 40 cents.

Dey, Frederic van Rensselaer. A Gentleman of Quality. Boston: L. C. Page.

Douthit, Jasper. The Autobiography of a Pioneer. Boston: American Unitarian Association. $1.25 net.

Dubois, Paul. Self-Control and How to Secure It. Funk & Wagnalls.

Dulles, Charles W. Accidents and Emergencies: A Manual. Philadelphia: P. Blakiston's Son & Co. $1 net.

Eliot, George. Scenes of Clerical Life. Henry Frowde.

Eickemeyer, Carl. The Giant Killer. New York.

Emerson, Ralph Waldo. Education: An Essay. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Gallatin, Francis D. An Unfinished Divorce, or, Her Better Self. Cochrane Publishing Co. $1.50.

Gibbon, Perceval. Salvator. Doubleday, Page.

Goethe in Italy: Extracts from Goethe's Italienische Reise. Edited by A. B. Nichols. Henry Holt. 35 cts.

Gorham, Francis. The Lone Trail at Thirty. Boston: Black Lion Publishers.

Grattan, Francis W. With Those That Were. Broadway Publishing Co.

Greene, Homer. A Lincoln Conscript. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50.

Grierson, Francis. The Valley of Shadows. Recollections of the Lincoln Country 1858-1863. Houghton Mifflin Co. $2 net.

Griffis, William Elliot. The Story of New Netherland. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.

Halsey, Forrest. Fate and the Butterfly. B. W. Dodge. $1.50.

Hardy, Thomas. Tess of the D'Ubervilles. Harper. $1.25.

Harper, George McLean. Charles Augustin Sainte-Beuve. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.50 net.

Henderson, Walter George. Norah Conough. Outing Publishing Co.

Hilton, Marian A. The Garden of Girls. Tandy-Thomas Co. $1.50.

Hogarth, David G. Ionia and the East. Henry Frowde. $1.15.

Holdsworth, W. S. A History of English Law. 3 vols. Boston: Little, Brown.

Jaggard, William. Index to Book-Prices Current; 1897 to 1906. London: Elliot Stock.

James, Henry. Novels and Tales. Vols. XVII and XVIII. Scribner.

Jordan, David Starr. The Fate of Iciodorum: Being the Story of a City Made Rich by Taxation. Henry Holt.

Kingsley, Florence Morse. The Glass House. Dodd, Mead. $1.50.

Kipling, Rudyard. Stalky & Co. Doubleday, Page. $1.50.

Lamb, Charles and Mary. Works in Prose and Verse. Edited by Thomas Hutchinson. Henry Frowde.

Lawton, Frederick. The Third French Republic. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $3.50 net.

Loomis, Charles Battell. Just Irish. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

Mapes, Victor. Partners Three. Frederick A. Stokes.

Mark Twain. Is Shakespeare Dead? From My Autobiography. Harper. $1.25 net.

McCutcheon, George Barr. The Alternative. Dodd, Mead. $1.25.

Means, David MacGregor. The Methods of Taxation Compared with the Established Principles of Justice. Dodd, Mead. $2.50 net.

Montgomery, H. B. The Empire of the East: A Simple Account of Japan As It Was, Is, and Will Be. Chicago: A. C. McClurg.

Morris, John. Organic History of English Words. Part I: Old English. Strassburg: Karl J. Trübner.

Myers, Charles S. A Text-Book of Experimental Psychology. Longmans, Green. $2.40 net.

My Life as a Dissociated Personality. By B. C. A. With an Introduction by Morton Prince. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

Pierce, Frederick Erastus. The Collaboration of Webster and Dekker. Henry Holt.

Pippins and Peaches. By Madame Qui Vive and Penrhyn Stanlaws. Chicago: Reilly & Britton Co.

Poe, Edgar Allan. Complete Poetical Works. Henry Frowde.

Powell, Lyman P. The Emmanuel Movement in a New England Town. Putnam. $1.25 net.

Reese, Lizette Woodworth. A Branch of May: Poems. Portland, Me.: Thomas B. Mosher.

Revelation to the Monk of Evesham Abbey. Rendered into Modern English by Valerian Paget. John McBride Co. $1.50 net.

Rideout, Henry Milner. Dragon's Blood. Houghton Mifflin. $1.20 net.

Roux, Louis A. Lessons in Grammar and Composition, Based on Mérimée's Colomba. Boston: D. C. Heath.

Schiller's Maria Stuart. Edited by John Scholte Nollen. Ginn & Co. 75 cents.

Schreiner, Olive. Closer Union: A Letter on the South African Union and the Principles of Government. London: A. C. Fifield.

Seventeenth Universal Congress of Peace. Official Report. London: National Council of Peace Societies.

Shakespeare's Complete Sonnets. Edited by C. M. Walsh. London: T. Fisher Unwin.

Sharman, Henry Burton. The Teaching of Jesus About the Future. Chicago: University of Chicago Press. $3.26.

Sidis, Boris. An Experimental Study of Sleep. Boston: Richard G. Badger.

Smith, D. Nichol. The Functions of Criticism. Henry Frowde.

Stewart, Basil. My Experiences of Cyprus. Dutton. $2 net.

Stringer, Arthur. The Gun-Runner: A Novel. B. W. Dodge. $1.50.

Swinburne, Algernon Charles. Three Plays of Shakespeare. Harper.

Tacitus's Agricola. Edited by Duane Reed Stuart. Macmillan. 40 cts. net.

Thomas, Ambrose M. Plain Economic Facts for All People. Cochrane Publishing Co. $3.

Thomson, Edward William. When Lincoln Died, and Other Poems. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.25 net.

Wallas, Graham. Human Nature in Politics. Houghton Mifflin Co. $1.50 net.

Waller, Mary E. A Year Out of Life. Appleton. $1.50.

Webster, Henry Kitchell. A King in Khaki. Appleton. $1.50.

Weller, Charles Frederick. Neglected Neighbors: Stories of Life in the Alleys, Tenements, and Shanties of the National Capital. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co. $1.50 net.

Wells, Carolyn. The Rubáiyát of Bridge. Harper. $1.

What Is a Picture? Chicago: A. C. McClurg.

Williams, Charles D. A Valid Christianity for To-day. Macmillan. $1.50 net.

Wilson's Arte of Rhetorique. Edited by G. H. Mair. Henry Frowde. $1.75.

Wollaston, Arthur N. Tales Within Tales: Adapted from the Fables of Pilpai. Dutton. $1.

D. S. Jordan's The Fate of Iciodorum

Being the Story of a City Made Rich by Taxation. By the President of Stanford University. 90 cents net, by mail 96 cents.

"The A B C of protection. After reading this book, no man who wishes to get at the fundamental theory of protection can plead ignorance."—From *The Evening Post's* leading editorial. (Complete notice on request.)

Anderson's History of Common School Education

By L. F. ANDERSON, State Normal School, Marquette, Mich. xii + 308 pp. 12mo. $1.25.

A history of the development of the common or non-professional school, with a discussion of its nature and function and its relation to other institutions, educational and otherwise. The outline of the growth of the science and art of common school education should aid the teacher in working out effective methods of instruction and organization.

Henry Holt & Company NEW YORK CHICAGO.

NOW READY.

The Playground of Europe

By LESLIE STEPHEN

With 16 Full-page Illustrations. Crown 8vo. $1.50 net

"What were the qualities which made Leslie Stephen the first among living English critics? This book supplies for any intelligent reader the answer to our question. His preëminence among the writers of his time was not due to any single talent; it was not due to his mere literary gifts, great though they were. It was due to obvious presence, in every work which he has produced, of four qualities rare in themselves, and hardly ever found in combination—sincerity, individuality, humor, and the scientific spirit."—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, NEW YORK LONDON.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED